

K. Dillon (w.) Earl of Roscommon

P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.

By the EARLS of

R O S C O M M O N,

A N D

D O R S E T, &c.



L O N D O N:

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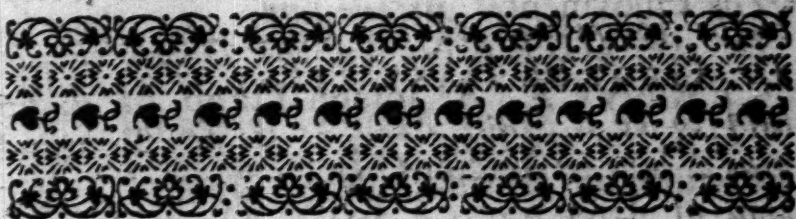
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SOME



S O M E
A C C O U N T
O F T H E
Earl of Roscommon.

By Anthony à Wood. †



ENTWORTH DILLON,
Earl of Roscommon, Son of
JAMES Earl of Roscom-
mon, (who was, when young,
reclaim'd from the Supersti-
tion of the Romish Church
by the Learned and Religious Dr USHER,
Primate of Ireland, and thereupon was sent

† See *Athenæ Oxonienses*, Vol. 2. *Pag.* 840.

by him into England, as a Jewel of Price, to be committed to the Care and Trust of Dr. GEORGE HAKEWILL; who finding him to be a young Man of pregnant Parts, plac'd him in Exeter-College, under the Tuition of LAURENCE BODLEY, B. D. Nephew to the great Sir THOMAS BODLEY, in the Beginning of the Year 1628; in which College continuing some Years, he became a Person of several Accomplishments, and afterwards Earl of Roscommon in his own Country of Ireland) was educated from his Youth in all Kinds of polite Learning.

Much about the Time that JAMES Duke of York was married to JOSEPHA MARIA, the Princess of Modena, he became, by his Endeavours, Captain of the Band of Pensioners belonging to his Majesty King CHARLES II, and afterwards Master of the Horse to the said JOSEPHA MARIA, Dutchess of York; both which Places he quitted some Time before his Death.

This worthy Person was accounted most excellent in the Art of Poetry, which his Works do manifestly testify.

At length, this most Noble and Ingenious Earl paying his last Debt to Nature in his House near that of St. James's, within the

Liberty of *Westminster*, on the 17th Day of *January*, or thereabouts, 1684, was bury'd in the Abbey-Church of *Westminster*.

He was succeeded in his Honours by his Uncle CARY DILLON, Colonel of a Regiment of Horse in *Ireland*, in the War between K. JAMES II, and K. WILLIAM III; from which Place going into *England*, he was overtaken by a violent Disease, which brought him to his Grave in the City of *Chester*, in the Month of *November*, 1689.

✂ The following Poems were communicated by Mr. RICHARDS, formerly Superintendent of the Theatre at Dublin, who assured us he received them from his Lordship's own Hand.



[illegible]

2 M E O 1 7 5 A



P O E M S,

BY THE

Earl of Roscommon.

The GHOST of the Old House of Commons, to the New one, appointed to meet at Oxford, in the Year 1682.

FROM deepest Dungeons of Eternal Night,
(Spite,
The Seats of Horror, Sorrow, Pain, and
I have been sent to tell you, tender Youth,
A seasonable, and important Truth.
I feel (but, Oh ! too late) that no Disease
Is like a Surfeit of Luxurious Ease :
And of all other, the most tempting Things
Are too much Wealth, and too indulgent Kings.

A 4

None

None ever was superlatively ill,
 But by Degrees, with Industry and Skill :
 And some, whose Meaning hath at first been fair,
 Grow Knaves by Use, and Rebels by Despair.
 My Time is past, and yours will soon begin,
 Keep the first Blossoms from the Blast of Sin ;
 And by the Fate of my Tumultuous Ways,
 Preserve your self, and bring serener Days.
 The busy, subtil Serpents of the Law,
 Did first my Mind from true Obedience draw :
 While I did Limits to the King prescribe,
 And took for Oracles that Canting Tribe,
 I chang'd true Freedom for the Name of Free,
 And grew seditious for Variety :
 All that oppos'd me, were to be accus'd,
 And by the Laws, I legally abus'd.
 The Robe was summon'd, *Mynard* in the Head,
 In Legal Murder none so deeply read ;
 I brought him to the Bar, where once he stood
 Stain'd with the (yet unexpiated) Blood
 Of the brave *Strafford*, when Three Kingdoms rung
 With his Accumulative *Hackney*-Tongue :
 Pris'ners and Witnesses were waiting by ;
 These had been taught to swear, and those to die,
 And to expect their Arbitrary Fates,
 Some for ill Faces, some for good Estates.

Earl of Roscommon. 9

To fright the People, and alarm the Town,
Bedloe and *Oates* employ'd the Reverend Gown.
But while the Triple Mitre bore the Blame,
(*Aim :*
The King's Three Crowns were their rebellious
I seem'd (and did but seem) to fear the Guards,
And took for mine the *B* — and the *Words :*
Antimonarchick Hereticks of State,
Immoral Atheists, Rich and Reprobate :
But above all I got a little Guide,
Who ev'ry Ford of Villany had try'd :
None knew so well the Old Pernicious Way,
To ruin Subjects, and make Kings obey ;
And my small *Jehu*, at a furious Rate,
Was driving *Eighty* back to *Forty Eight*.
This the King knew, and was resolv'd to bear ;
But I mistook his Patience for his Fear.
All that this happy Island could afford,
Was sacrific'd to my voluptuous Board.
In his whole Paradise, one only Tree
He had excepted by a strict Decree ;
A Sacred Tree, which Royal Fruit did bear ;
Yet that in Pieces I conspir'd to tear :
Beware, my Child ! Divinity is There.
This so undid all I had done before,
I could attempt, and he endure no more.

My unprepar'd, and unrepenting Breath
Was snatch'd away by the swift Hand of Death;
And I, with all my Sins about me, hurl'd
To th' utter Darkness of the lower World:
A dreadful Place ! which you too soon will see,
If you believe Seducers more than Me.



T O M



TOM ROSS'S GHOST,

TO HIS

P U P I L

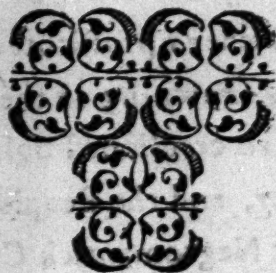
T H E

Duke of *Monmouth*.

SHame of my Life, Disturber of my Tomb,
Base as thy Mother's prostituted Womb,
Huffing to Cowards, Fawning to the Brave,
To Knaves a Fool, to cred'lous Fools a Knave,
The King's Betrayer, and the Peoples Slave. }
Like *Samuel*, at thy Negromantick Call,
I rise, to tell thee, God has left thee, *Saul*!
I strove in vain th'infected Blood to cure ;
Streams will run muddy, when the Spring's impure.
In all your meritorious Life, we see
Old *Taff*'s invincible Sobriety :

The

The Place of Master of the Horse, and Spy,
You like *Tom Howard* did at once supply.
From *Sidney's* Blood your Loyalty did spring ;
You show us all your Fathers, but the *King*,
From whose too tender and too bounteous Arms,
(Unhappy he who such a Viper warms)
As Dutiful a Subject as a Son,
To your true Parents, the whole Town, you run.
Read, if you can, how th'Old Apostate fell ;
Outdo his Pride. and merit more than Hell.
Both he and you were gloriously bright,
The First and Fairest of the Sons of Light.
But when, like him, you offer'd at the Crown,
Like him, your angry Father kick'd you down.





S O N G.

O N A

Young Lady,

Who sung Finely, and was afraid of a
C O L D.

I.

WINTER, thy Cruelty extend,
'Till fatal Tempests swell the Sea;
In vain let sinking Pilots pray,
Beneath this Yoke let Nature bend;
Let piercing Frost, and lasting Snow,
Thro' Woods and Fields Destruction sow.

II. Yet

II.

Yet we unmov'd will sit and smile,
While you these lesser Ills create :
These we can bear ; but, gentle Fate,
And thou, blest'd Genius of our Isle,
From Winter's Rage defend Her Voice,
At which the list'ning Gods rejoice.

III.

May that Celestial Sound, each Day,
With Extacy transport our Souls ;
While all our Passions it controuls,
And kindly drives our Cares away.
Let no ungentle Cold destroy,
All Taste we have of Heav'nly Joy.





ON THE
DEATH
OF A
Lady's LAP-DOG.

THOU, happy Creature, art secure
From all the Troubles we endure :
Despair, Ambition, Jealousy,
Lost Friends, nor Love, disquiet thee.
A sullen Prudence drew thee hence,
From Noise, Fraud, and Impertinence.
Tho' Life essay'd the surest Wile,
Gilding it self with *LAURA's* Smile,
How didst thou scorn Life's meaner Charms,
Thou who couldst break thro' *LAURA's* Arms?

Poor

Poor Cynick! Still methinks I hear
Thy awful Murmurs in my Ear,
As when on *LAURA*'s Lap you lay,
Chiding the worthless Crowd away.
How fondly Human Passions turn!
What then we Envy'd, now we Mourn.



O D E



O D E
U P O N
S O L I T U D E.

I.

HAIL, Sacred *Solitude*! from this calm Bay,
I view the World's tempestuous Sea,
And with wise Pride despise
All those senseless Vanities.

With Pity mov'd for others, cast away
On Rocks of Hopes and Fears, I see 'em tost
On Rocks of Folly, and of Vice I see 'em lost:
Some the prevailing Malice of the Great,

Unhappy Men, or adverse Fate,
Sunk deep into the Gulphs of an afflicted State.
But more, far more, a numberless prodigious Train,
Whilst Virtue courts 'em, but, alas! in vain,

Fly

Fly from her kind embracing Arms,
 (Charms ;
 Deaf to her fondest Call, blind to her greatest
 And sunk in Pleasures, and in brutish Ease,
 They in their shipwreck'd State themselves obdu-
 (rate-please.

II.

Hail, Sacred *Solitude*, Soul of my Soul,
 It is by Thee I truly live ;
 Thou dost me better Life and nobler Vigour give,
 Dost each unruly Appetite controul :
 Thy constant Quiet fills my peaceful Breast,
 With unmix'd Joy, uninterrupted Rest.

Presuming Love does ne'er invade
 This private *Solitary Shade* ;
 And with fantastick Wounds, by Beauty made.
 The Joy has no Alloy of Jealousy, Hope, and Fear,
 The solid Comforts of this happy Sphere :

Yet I exalted Love admire,
 Friendship, abhorring sordid Gain,
 And purify'd from Lust's dishonest Stain.
 Nor is it for my *Solitude* unfit ;

For I am with my Friend alone,
 As if we were but one :
 'Tis the polluted Love that multiplies ;
 But Friendship does Two Souls in One comprise.

III. Here.

III.

Here in a full and constant Tide doth flow

All Blessings Man can hope to know ;

Here in a deep Recess of Thought we find

Pleasures which entertain, and which exalt the

(Mind ;
Knowledge rise,
Pleasures which do from Friendship and from
Which makes us happy, as they make us wise.

Here may I always on this downy Grass,

Unseen, unknown, my easy Minutes pass ;

Till with a gentle Force victorious Death

My *Solitude* invade,

And stopping for a-while my Breath,

With Ease convey me to a better Shade.



A FAITH-



A FAITHFUL
CATALOGUE
Of our most Eminent
NINNIES.

*Written by the Earl of DORSET,
in the Year 1686.*

— Quos omnes
Vicini oderunt, noti, Pueri atque Puellæ.
Hor. Sat. I.

(Rhimes,
Curs'd be those dull, unpointed, doggrel
(pious Times
Whose harmless Rage has lash'd our im-
Rise Thou, my Muse, and with the sharpest Thorn,
Instead of peaceful Bays, my Brows adorn ;

Inspir'd with just Disdain, and mortal Hate,

(Weight.

Who long have been my Plague, shall feel thy

I scorn a giddy and unsafe Applause:

But this (ye Gods) is fighting in your Cause.

Let *Sodom* speak, and let *Gomorrhah* tell,

If those curs'd Walls deserv'd their Flames so well.

Go on, my Muse, and with bold Voice proclaim

The vicious Lives, and long detested Fame,

Of scoundrel Lords, and their lewd Wives Amours,

(Whores:

Pimp-Statesmen, Canting-Priests, Court-Bawds and

Exalted Vice its own vile Name does sound,

Thro' Climes remote, and distant Shores renown'd.

Thy Strumpets, C——s, have scap'd no Nations Ear,

C——d the Van, and P——th leads the Rear:

A Brace of Cherubs, of as vile a Breed,

As ever were produc'd of Human Seed.

To all but Thee, the Punks were ever kind,

Free as loose Air, and gen'rous as the Wind.

Both steer'd thy P——e, and the Nation's Helm;

And both betray'd thy P——e, and the Realm.

Oh *Barbara*! thy execrable Name

Is sure embalm'd with everlasting Shame.

Could not the num'rous Host thy Lust suffice,

Which in lascivious Shoals ador'd thy Eyes;

When

(display'd,
 When their bright Beams were thro' our Orb
 And Kings each Morn their *Persian* Homage paid?
 Oh sacred *J—s*! may thy dread Noddle be
 As free from Danger, as from Wit 'tis free:
 But if that Good and Gracious Monarch's Charms,
 Could ne'er confine one Woman to his Arms;
 What strange mysterious Spell, what strong Defence,
 Can guard that Front, which has not half his Sense?
 Poor *S——y*'s Fall, even her own Sex deplore,
 Who with so small Temptation turn'd thy Whore.
 But *G——n* bravely does revenge her Fate,
 And says, Thou court'st her thirty Years too late;
 She scorns such Dwindles; her capacious *A——*
 Is fitter for thy Scepter, than thy *T——*
 Old *D——r*, *S——y*, and *M——t*, know,
 Why in that stately Frame she lies so low;
 And who but her dull Blockhead would have found
 Her Windows small Descent on rising Ground?
 Thro' the large Sash they pass (like *Jove* of old)
 To her Attendant Bawd, in Show'rs of Gold.
M——t, (that insolent ill-natur'd Bear)
 From the close *Grotto*, when no Danger's near,
 Mounts like a rampant Stag, and ruts his Dear.
 But when by dire Mischance, the harmless Maid
 In the dark Closet, with loud Shrieks, betray'd

The naked Lecher, What a woful Grief
It was? Th'Adultress flew to his Relief,
And sav'd his being murder'd for a Thief.
Defenceless Limbs the well-arm'd Host assail'd ;

(vail'd :

Scarce her own Pray'rs with her own Slaves pre-

(Weighr,

Tho' well prepar'd for Flight, he mourn'd his
And begg'd *Aëdon's* Change, to 'scape *Aëdon's* Fate:

(bounds,

But wing'd with Fear, tho' untransform'd, he
And swift as Hinds, out-strip'd the yelling Hounds.

Beware Adulterers, betimes beware,

You fall not in the same unhappy Snare :

From N——k's Ruin, and his narrow 'Scape,

S——e on contented with a willing Rape,

On a strong Chair, soft Couch, or Side of Bed,

Which never does surprizing Dangers dread.

Let no such Harlots lead your Steps astray,

Her C——s will mount in open Clay ;

And from St. *James's* to the Land of *Thule*,

There's not a Whore who S——s so like a Mule :

And yet her blund'ring *Dolt* deserves a worse,

Could Man be plagu'd with a severer Curse.

A fitter Couple never sure were hatch'd ;

Some Marry'd are indeed, but they are Match'd.

But

The

But seeing they are lawful Man and Wife,
 Why should the Fool and Drazel live in Strife,
 While they both lead the same lascivious Life?
 Or why should he to *Magg's* or *Circut's* come,
 When he may find as great a Whore at Home?
*M——e** (who all his Summons to big War,
 Safely commits to his wife Prince's Care)
 Lords it o'er all Mankind, and is the first,
 By Woman hated, and by Man accurs'd.
 Well has his Staff a double Use supply'd,
 At once upheld his Body, and his Pride.
 How haughtily he cries, *Page, fetch a Whore;*
Damn her, she's ugly; Rascal, fetch me more;
Bring in that black-ey'd Wench; Woman, come near;
Rot you, you draggled Bitch, What is't you fear?
 Trembling she comes, and with as little Flame,
 As he for the dear Part from whence he came.
 Thine, crafty *S—r*, was a good Design;
 For sure his Issue ne'er will injure thine:
 But thou thy self must needs confess, that she
 Does justly curse thy Politicks and thee.
 Her Noble Protestant has got a Flail,
 Young, large, and fit to feague her briny Tail;

* He carried the Lord Peterborough's Challenge to the King.

But now, poor Wench, she lies as she would burst,
Sometimes with Brandy, and sometimes with Lust.
Tho' Prince, as Goats, she courts in vain her Drone;
The *Frigid* he, and she the *Torrid* Zone.

Both Friend and Foe he with vast Ruin mauls,
Who at first Thrust before, both Sexes falls.

Had I, O! had I his transcendent Verse,
In his own lofty Strains, I would rehearse
That deep Intrigue, when he the Princess woo'd,
But lov'd Adult'ry more than Royal Blood.

Young O——y (who lov'd the haughty Peer)
Her Mother's darling Sins could best declare:

But to her Memory we must be just;
'Tis Sacrilege to rob such beauteous Dust.

O W——n, W——n! what a wretched Tool,
Is a dull Wit, when made a Woman's Fool?

Thy Rammish Spendthrift Buttocks, 'tis well (known,
Her nauseous Bait has made thee swallow down,
Tho' mumbled, and spit out by half a Town;

How well my honest L——n she knows,
The many Mansions in thy F—— House?

How often prais'd thy dear curvetting T——,
Which thou ridd'st curb'd, like an unruly Horse?

How big with Joy she went with thee to Church,
When thou (false Varlet) left her in the Lurch?

B

Ev'n

26 ——— P O E M S by the

EV'N E——, who refus'd none before,
 Scorn'd to pronounce the Banns with such a Whore.
 To *Pancras Tom*, there such as she resort;
 (That † Mother-Church too does all Sinners court)
 As she has been thy Strumpet all her Life,
 'Tis Time to make her now thy lawful Wife,
 That B——y's Spouse may pride it in her Box,
 With Face and C—— all martyr'd with the Pox.
 In some deep Saw-pit, both their Noddles hide;
 For 'tis hard guessing which has the best Bride.
 Ah *Tom*! thy Brother, like a prudent Man,
 Has chosen much the better *Haradan*:
 She, a good-natur'd candid Devil, shows
 Him all the Bawding Jilting Tricks she knows.
 Thy *Rook* some trivial Cheats her Blockhead learns,
 While he the Master *Hocus* ne'er discerns.
 To Pox and Plague, Oh! may she subject be,
 As she's from Child-bed Pain and Peril free:
 Her actual Sins invalidate the first,
 With Ease she teems, and brings forth unaccurst.
 To thee, *Lucina*, she need never call,
 Like ripen'd Fruit, her mellow Bastards fall;
 And what with needless Labour I disclose,
 Her well-stretch'd C——, and rivel'd Belly shows.
 Whoever, like *Charles D——g*, scorns Disgrace,
 Can never want, altho' he lose his Place:

† Said to be the Mother of St. Paul's.

That Toothless Murd'rer, to his just Reproach,
 Pimps for his Sister, to maintain a Coach;
 And let what will the Church or State befall,
 One fulsom crafty Whore maintains 'em all.
 s——le, tho' loath'd, still the fair Sex adores,
 And has a Regiment of Horse and Whores.
 Amidst the common Rout of early Duns,
 For *Mustard, Soap, Milk, Small Coal, Swords, and Guns*;
 Two Rev'rend Officers (more highly born)
 Wait on his stinking Levee ev'ry Morn,
 And in full Pomp his Palace Gates adorn.
 But which is most in Vogue, is hard to tell,
 The publick Bawd, or private Centinel:
 That blubber'd Oaf, for two dull dribbling Bouts,
 Maintains two Bastards made of *Jinny's Clouts*.
 E'er it could fetch, 'twas like pox'd E——n spoil'd,
 Yet it can't touch a Wench, but she's with Child;
 But who can think that pestilential Breath
 Should rise up Life, that always blasts with Death?
 'Tis strange K——e, that refin'd *Beau Gargon*
 Was never yet at the *Bell Savage* shown,
 For he's a true and wonderful Baboon.
 It therefore wisely was at first design'd
 He ne'er should like to propagate his Kind;
 But the dull venom'd Draught, in vain employ'd,
 Like the false Serpent's, was it self destroy'd.

With foul Corruption sure he first was fed,
 And by Equivocal Generation bred.
 An honest * *Solan* Goose, compar'd to him,
 Is a fine Creature, and of more Esteem.
 No learn'd Philosophers need strive to know,
 Whether his Soul's *ex traduce* or no.
 He has none yet, nor never will I fear;
 No Soul of Sense would ever enter there.
 I wonder he dares speak, for fear we jirk
 His lazy Bones, and make the Monkey work.
 If aged D——e has left the Trade,
 And had enough of costly Masquerade,
 With Flames renew'd your old Amours pursue,
 Now R——r has nothing else to do.
 Well done, old H——e, we all thy Choice adore,
 She is the younger, and much better Whore.
 But H——s has sure, to his eternal Curse,
 Left his own Strumpet, and espous'd a worse.
 That blazing Star still rises with the Sun,
 And will, I hope, whene'er it sets, go down.
 St. Peter ne'er deny'd his Lord but thrice;
 But good St. *Edward* scorns to be so nice:
 He, every Mass, abjures what he before,
 On Tests, and Sacraments, so often swore.
 His Mother-Church will have a special Son
 Of him, by whom his Father was undone.

* A sort of Geese bred in Scotland.

He turn'd, because on Bread alone he'd dine,
And make the Wafer save his Bread and Wine.

Mammon's the God he'll worship any Way,

And keeps Conviction ready to a Day.

Forbid it Heav'n, I e'er should live to see

Our pious Monarch's gorgeous Chapel be

Fill'd with such Miscreant Profelytes as he.

Misere Domine! Ave Maria!

Poor Father *Dover* has got a *Genorrhæa*.

Was e'er (dread I —) so much Affection shown?

He'd save thy Soul, but cares not for his own.

How s — y prays, the old adult'rous Fop

May find it a *Cormegan* swinging Clap!

Unhappy Maid! who Man has never known,

And yet, with perilous Pangs, brought forth a Son!

Our † *Chyro-Medico Dydimus* nothing smelt,

'Till he the sprawling Bantling heard and felt.

And now it surely cannot be deny'd

By him, who cur'd the *King* of what he dy'd.

(Crew

How H — s boasts, that his wife *King's-Head*

Foretold the dismal Times we all should rue.

Curs'd be the Screech-Owls! that rebellious Crowd

Prefag'd indeed *Rome's* swift Approach, as loud,

As wife *Cassandra's* boding Voice of old,

The wretched Fate of Ancient *Rome* foretold.

† Dr. K — g.

But why is he against the bringing in
 Any Religion that indulges Sin?
 He who his other Charges can retrench,
 To save Ten Guineas for a handsome Wench;
 Or be content to part with Twenty Pound,
 If Mrs. W——s insure her being sound,
 That Idiot thinks the tawdry Harlot's glad
 To serve him now, for Favours she has had,
 But who (dear H——y) ever heard before,
 Of Gratitude in any common Whore?
 She mounts the Price, and goes half Snack her self,
 And well knows how to cully such an Elf.
 Poor Jimmy I must needs much more applaud,
 A better Whore, and truer Friend and Bawd.
 Like the French King, he all his Conquests buys,
 And pow'ful Guinea still subdues their Eyes.
 How his smug little black-ey'd Harlot gaz'd
 On's hoarded Gold, and fine Apartments prais'd!
 But F—— (not trusting to the Miser's Truth)
 Like Joseph's Sacks, with Money in her Mouth;
 Sometimes he'll venture for himself to trade,
 With awkward Grace, at Balls and Masquerade.
 But what was the proud Coxcomb e'er he near,
 Unless he got my Lady G—— & there?
 Her Qualities to all the World are known,
 Fair as his Kin, and honest as her own.
 She makes her Brothel worse than common Stews,
 And loves to S—— in her own Tribe, like Jews.

Incest with nearest Blood, Adult'ry, all
 Her darling Sins, we may well deadly call.
 Whate'er in Times of *Tore* she may have been,
 Her Lust has now parch'd up her rivel'd Skin.
 Thou Town of *Edmonton*, I charge, declare
 What she and O——y did so often there.
 That * scribbling Fool, who writes to her in Metre,
 And only speaks his Songs to make 'em sweeter :
 Great *Virgil's* true Reverse in Sense and Fate ;
 For what another writ, procur'd his Hate.
 To be but thought a Wit, he lost his Place ;
 And yet to show he is not of that Race,
 Will write himself, and add to his Disgrace.
 His *Valentinian's* learned Preface shines,
 Like *Memphis's* Siege, or *Bulloign's* radiant Lines.
 Among the Muses all his Time he spends,
 And his whole Study towards *Parnassus* bends :
 Yet if for his, one handsome Thought be shown,
 Stop the dull Thief ; I'll swear 'tis not his own.
 Satire's his Joy ; but if he don't improve,
 Give me his Hatred, let her take his Love.
 That Fop she (*H——t*) more than Thee admires ;
 He often quenches her lascivious Fires.
 In vain poor *H——y*, with ridiculous Joy,
 Shews her, and ev'ry Fool, his hopeful Boy.
 His City Songsters, says he, keep such a Pother,
 She's sure he'll ne'er be able to get another.

* Tom D'Ur——y.

Join then, propitious Stars, their widow'd Store,
 And make them happy, as they were before ;
 That is, may the decay'd incestuous Punk
 Swill like his Spouse, and he, like her, die drunk.
 Why, *H—n*, has the good old Queen the Grace,
 To see thy Bear-like Mien, and Baboon Face ?
 Her Court (the Gods be prais'd) has long been free
 From *Irish* Prigs, and such dull Sots as he.
 The wakeful Gen'ral, conscious of thy Charms,
 Dreads thine, as much as *M—b's* fierce Alarms.
 Yet sure there is a greater Ditch between
 A greasy Whiggish Dolt, and *C—s's* Queen.
 There is, and *H—n* soars not yet so high,
 His ogling Pignies dote on Lady *Di*.
 That Gudgeon on soft Baits will only bite,
 For easy Conquests are his sole Delight.
 And none can say, but that his Judgment's good,
 For all the *K—s* are made of Flesh and Blood.
V—n, the Glory of that lustful Tribe,
 Scorns to be meanly purchas'd with a Bribe :
 To Fame and Honour hates to be a Slave,
 But freely gives, what Nature freely gave.
 Like Heirs to Crowns, with sure Credentials born,
 Her hasty Bastards private Entries scorn ;
 In midst of Courts, and in the midst of Day,
 With little Peril, force their easy Way.
 But *Woodford* is, methinks, a better Seat,
 And for distended Wems a safe Retreat.

'Twas well advis'd (old K — k) no Dangers fear'd;
 No Groans, nor yelling Cries, can there be heard:
 In this lewd Town, and these censorious Times,
 Where ev'ry Whore rails at each other's Crimes:
 Fair *Theodosia*! thy Romantick Name
 Had sure been blasted with eternal Shame:
 But thy wise Stratagems so well were laid,
 I'd almost swear, thou art a very Maid.

Go on, and scorn our common S — Rules;
 Let W — p make th'incestuous Uncles Fools:
 While *Prudence* pimps, and such a Foe combines,
 Impregnate more and more thy seedy Loins;
 Thou still art safe, tho' thy large Womb should bear,
 Like hers, who teem'd for ev'ry Day o'th' Year.
 Proud O — d justly thinks her *Dutch-built* Shape
 A little too unwieldy for a Rape.
 Yet being conscious it will tumble down,
 At first Assault, surrenders up the Town.
 But no kind Conqueror has yet thought fit
 To make it his belov'd Imperial Seat.
 That batter'd Fort, which they with Ease deceive,
 Pillag'd, and sack'd, to the next Foe they leave.
 And haughty *Di*, in just Revenge, will try'r,
 (Altho' she starve) with any senseless Wight:
 Not that to any Principle she's firm,
 But is debauch'd by damp'd seducing Sp — m.

S——, well knew the banning Hour, when Seven
 The Main throws out, or else a Nick, Eleven:
 When her decrepit Spend-thrift, troopless R—k,
 Is (meek as Moses) hid in Fire and Smoak.
 Our Sacred Writ does learnedly relate,
 For one poor Babe, two Mothers hot Debate:
 But our two doughty Heroes, I am told,
 Which is the truest Father, fiercely scold.

H——,
 Both Claims seem just and great; but gen'rous
 Who always is on the right Side, prevails.
 He will not only save its Life, but Soul;
 So poor P—t K—k is fobb'd off for a Fool.
 But 'tis all one; Sir *Courtly Nice* does swear,
 He'll go to Mrs. *Grace of Exeter*.
 But why to *Ireland*, B——? Is't the Crime,
 Dost thou imagine, makes an easy Time?
 Ungratefully indeed thou didst requite
 The skilful Goddess of the silent Night,
 By whose kind Help thou wast so oft before
 Deliver'd safely on thy Native Shore.
 Thy Belly thin'd, and an unusual Load
 Made thee believe K—k's Shoulders were too broad.

(roar:
 And thou'dst be sure we should not hear thee }
 And if poor *Tuffey Muffey* should be tore, }
 Wisely resolv'd *Ned* should ne'er see it more: }

But

But since all's well, return, that we may laugh
 At Irish C—s, which in all Climes are safe.
 Justly (false M——b) did thy Lord declare,
 Thou should'st not in his Crown nor Empire share.
 Indeed (dear Pimp) it was a just Design,
 Seeing he had so small a Share of thine.
 Brave F——m, that thund'ring Son of Arms,
 (Charms.
 With pow'rful Magick, conquer'd both your
 Virtue, thy weak Lieutenant, run away,
 Just like that cursed Miscreant Coward G——g;
 And as poor J——, from his new Subjects did,
 At last, from thy fair Breast the Gen'ral fled.
 His Conversation, Wit, and Parts, and Mien,
 Deserv'd, he thought, at least a widow'd Queen.
 Nor wert thou sorry, since most Seeds are sown
 To flourish better, when we change the Ground.
 He struck in Years, and spent in Toils and War,
 Could please thee less than did the strong D——.
 Ne'er was a truer Stallion, to his Cost,
 He, as he was most able, lov'd thee most.
 But politick M——b thought it too much Grace,
 For one t'enjoy too long so great a Place.
 C——, next succeeds the lovely Train,
 And round his Neck displays a Captive's Chain.
 He, greater Fool than any of the rest,
 They say, will marry with the trimming Beast;

Which

But

Which if he does, Oh ! may his Blood be shed
 On that high Throne where her last Traitor bled
 Mysterious Pow'rs ! what wond'rous Influence
 Governs (the Ruling Stars) poor Mortals Sense ?
 What unknown Motive our dread King perswades,
 To make lewd Ogle Mother of the Maids.
 The Gracious Prince had sure much wiser been,
 Had he made S ——— a Tutress to the Queen ;
 And then, perhaps, her chaste Instructions would
 Have sav'd a World of unbegotten Blood :
 But pious J ———, (with Parts profound endur'd)
 Will none prefer, but whom he knows are lewd.
 S ——— a, B ———, all of the Court Breed,
 Ladies of wond'rous Honour are indeed.
 Ye scoundrel Nymphs, whom Rags and Scabs adorn,
 Than that small paultry Whore more highly born.
 If you are wise, apply your selves betimes ;
 None highly merit now, but by their Crimes,
 And the King does whate'er he's bid by * G ———. }
 Which made the wiser Choice, is now our Strife,
 H ——— I has his Mistress, or the † Prince his Wife :
 Those ‖ Traders sure will be belov'd as well,
 As all the dainty tender Birds they sell.

* By whom she got the Reversion of Mr. C ———'s Place.

† N ——— d.

‖ Both Paulterers.

The Learned Advocate (that rugged Stump
Of old N—'s Honour) always lov'd the Rump;
And 'tis no Miracle, since all the H—',
Were giv'n (they say) to raise intestine Broils:
But seeing, to the upright Juror's Praise,
We are return'd to *Ignoramus* Days;
The Lawyer swears he greater Hazard runs,
Who F—— one Daughter, than a hundred Sons.
Prepost'rous Fate! while poor Miss J—y bawds,
Each Foreign Fop her Mother's Charms applauds.
Autumnal Whore! To ev'ry Nation known!
A Curse to them, and Scandal to her own.
Forgive me, (Chaster H——n) if I name
Her stinking Toes with thine of sweeter Fame.
Thou wond'rous pocky art, and wond'rous poor;
But as she's richer, she's a greater Whore.
What with her Breath, her Armpits, and her Feet,
Ten Civet Cars can hardly make her sweet.
From all the Corners of the noisome Town,
The Filth of ev'ry Brute ran freely down
To that insatiate Strumpet's Common-Shore,
'Till it broke out, and poison'd her all o'er.
Poor B——m in unsuccessful Verse,

(hearse.

And Terms too mild, did her lewd Crimes re-

Bold

Bold is the Man that ventures such a Flight ;
 Her Life's a Satire, which no Pen can write :
 And therefore cursed may she ever be,
 As when old * H — e was catch'd with Raim in Re.

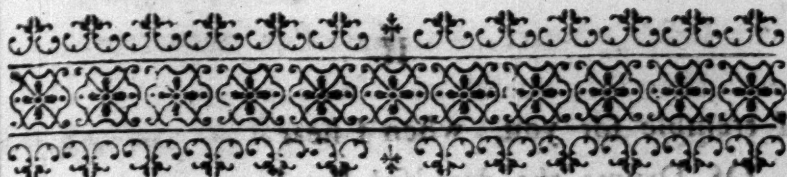
Cetera defunt.

* Lord M — o found her in Fast with my Lord
 R — r.



And Terms too mild, did her low Crimes re-
 (hearts)

Bold



Madam Maintenon's

A D V I C E

TO THE
FRENCH KING.

Written in the Year 1697.

I.

IN Grey-hair'd *Celine's* wither'd Arms,
Whilst mighty *Lewis* lay,
She cry'd, If I have any Charms,
My Dearest, let's away.

H. I

II.

I tremble for you, when I hear
 Of Drums the dreadful Rattle:
 Alas! Sir, what should you do here
 In Day of dismal Battle?

III.

Perhaps you'll ask, What can repair
 The Ruins of your Glory?
 You ought to leave so mean a Care
 To those that pen your Story.

IV.

Are not *Corneille* and *Boileau* paid
 For Panegyrick Writing?
 They know how Heroes may be made
 Without the Help of Fighting.

V.

Your Foes too faucily approach;
 'Tis best to leave them fairly:
 Clap six good Horses in your Coach,
 And carry me to *Marly*.

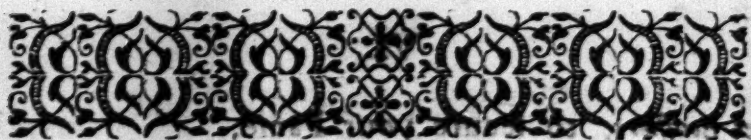
VI. Let

VI.

Let Boufflers, to secure your Fame,
Go take some Town, or buy it;
While you, Great Sir, at *Nafre-Dame*
Te Deum sing in Quiet.



ON



ON THE
DAY of JUDGMENT:

BY THE

Earl of Roscommon.

I.

THE Day of Wrath, that dreadful Day,
Shall the whole World in Ashes lay,
As DAVID and the Sybils say.

II.

What Horror will invade the Mind,
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few Venial Faults to find?

HO

III. The

III.

The last loud Trumpet's wond'rous Sound,
Shall through the rending Tombs rebound,
And wake the Nations under Ground.

IV.

T: Nature and Death shall, with Surprise,
Behold the pale Offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious Eyes.

V.

Then shall, with universal Dread,
The sacred Mystick Book be read,
To try the Living and the Dead.

VI.

The Judge ascends his awful Throne;
He makes each secret Sin be known,
And all with Shame confess their own.

VII.

O then! What Interest shall I make,
To save my last important Stake,
When the most Just have Cause to quake?

VIII. Thou

VIII.

Thou mighty, formidable King,
 Thou Mercy's unexhausted Spring,
 Some comfortable Pity bring!

IX.

Forget not what my Ransom cost,
 Nor let my dear-bought Soul be lost,
 In Storms of guilty Terror tost.

X.

Thou who for me didst feel such Pain,
 Whose precious Blood the Cross did stain,
 Let not those Agonies be vain.

XI.

Thou whom avenging Pow'r's obey,
 Cancel my Debt (too great to pay),
 Before the sad Accounting Day.

XII.

Surrounded with amazing Fears,
 Whose Load my Soul with Anguish bears,
 I sigh, I weep: Accept my Tears.

XIII. Thou

XIII.

Thou who wer't mov'd with *MARR*'s Grief,
And, by absolving of the Thief,
Hast giv'n me Hope, now give Relief.

XIV.

Reject not my unworthy Pray'r;
Preserve me from that dang'rous Snare,
Which Death and gaping Hell prepare.

XV.

Give my exalted Soul a Place
Amongst thy chosen Right-Hand Race,
The Sons of God, and Heirs of Grace.

XVI.

From that insatiable Abyfs,
Where Flames devour, and Serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy Seat of Blifs.

XVII.

Prostrate my contrite Heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend;
Do not forsake me in my End.

XVIII. Well

XVIII.

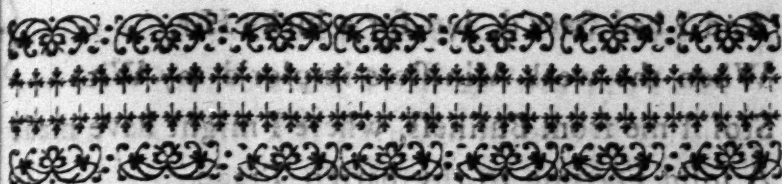
Well may they curse their second Breath,
 Who rise to a reviving Death.
 Thou great Creator of Mankind,
 Let guilty Man Compassion find.



XVII.

Do not forsake me in my End,
 My God, my Father, and my Friend;
 Prostrate my contrite Heart I bend,
 Y R R.

XVIII. W. H.



DRYDEN'S
SATIRE
TO HIS
MUSE.

Written by the Lord S--r's.

*Quo liceat Libris, non licet ire mihi :
Turpiter huc, illuc ingeniosus eat.*

Hear me, dull Prostitute, worse than my Wife,
Like her, the Shame and Clog of my dull Life,
Whose first Essay was in a Tyrant's Praise,
Bawdy in Prologues, Blasphemous in Plays ;

So

48 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

So lewd, thou mad'st me for the Church unfit,
 And I had starv'd, but for a lucky Hir,
 When the weak Ministers implor'd my Wit:
 Stol'st me from Business, where I might have made
 A solid Fortune to thy barren Trade.
 My Father wisely bid me be a Clerk;
 Thou wisper'd'st, Boy, be thou a Tearing Spark.
 I, from that fatal Hour, new Hopes persu'd,
 Set up for Wit, and aukwardly was lewd;
 Drank 'gainst my Stomach, 'gainst my Conscience
 Against my Will, I marry'd a rank Whore:
 After two Children, and a third Miscarriage,
 By brawny Brothers hector'd into Marriage.
 Affected Rapes and Lusts I'd never known;
 As if that all G O M O R R A H was my own.
 Nor Love, nor Wine, could ever see me Gay,
 To Writing bred, I knew not what to say;
 With scolding Wife, and starving Chits beset,
 When I want Money, and no Friend will treat,
 Chear'd with one Cup of thy *Castalian* Spring,
 I can abuse the Church, my Friend, and King;
 Tell him he's jilted, fool'd, led by the Nose,
 Then like *Almanzor* turn upon his Foes;
 Libel his Mistresses, and Statesmen too,
 Then o'er his whoring Life old *David* throw,

By whom *Uriah* was so basely slain ;
 But our Good Monarch spares his *Castlemain*,
 And *Oates* his Plots and Treasons swears in vain :
 Defame the Men that gave me Meat and Cloaths,
 And then deny it with a Thousand Oaths.
Adriel to please, call *Rocheſter* a Fool,
Sedley a Capuchin, and *Dorſet* dull.
 I, like *Borſky*, by the false Count hir'd,
 On *Scroop* my Blunderbuſs of Satire fir'd ;
 In cool Blood call'd him Fool, Knave, Coward too ;
 What more to *Hall* or *Cranbourn* could I do,
 Who long enjoy'd e'er I began to woo ?
 Thou'lt ſay, perhaps, What is all this to thee,
 If I a Coward, Cuckold, Villain be ?
 But then thou ſhould'ſt thy ſacred Aid reſuſe,
 When I invoke it to ſo baſe a Uſe ;
 Blunt, of my murd'ring Pen, the killing Point,
 And honeſtly reſuſe the odious Hint.
 But thou ne'er com'ſt ſo gladly to my Call,
 As when on Merit unprovok'd I fall.
 Is there a Patriot to be defam'd,
 Lady abus'd, or virtuous Action blam'd ?
 Thou with officious Haſt rank'ſt ev'ry Word,
 And giv'ſt thy raging Madman a ſharp Sword :
 Devils to Witches are not more at Hand,
 Than thou, when I an Hellish Task command.
 To thee, Ungrateful ! What has *Monmouth* done,
 That, *Parſon*-like, thou call'ſt him *Absalon* ?

50 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

And by that Name dost foolishly infer,
He from old *David's* Head the Crown would tear.
Was he ambitious, he had kept his Place,
Stood high in *David's* as the People's Grace,
And warlike Chief of the *Prætorian* Bands,

(Hands,
To the whole Nations Hearts had join'd their
Of publick Good dissembled his deep Care,
With the false *Jebusite* a-while kept fair ;
Then in some great decisive glorious Day,
Make those vile Cormorants disgorge their Prey,
Our Church, Religion, Freedom, and our Laws,
Those darling Morsels of their longing Jaws.
Wife *Stanley* thus, 'till *Bosworth's* fatal Day,
Did seeming Faith to cruel *Richard* pay ;
But left the Tyrant in the Heat of Fight,
And brought Success to *Harry's* drooping Right.
Monmouth's brave Mind could no Disguise endure,
Still Noble Ways preferring to Secure.
While *David* lavishes his People's Love,
He buys the Purchase with Design t'improve ;
And like some prudent Kinsmen, reconvey
What the wild Heir hath vainly thrown away, }
Lest the Great Ancient Family decay.
Good honest *David*, why wouldst thou have made
Of such a Son and Parliaments afraid ?

Which

Miscellany P O E M S. 51

Which whilst he sways, what Faction dares dispute,
Or who can say, He is not Absolute !

Thro' them he may command the People's Purse,
(Curse.

And spend their Wealth and Blood without a

By Laws they would a Popish Heir exclude,

Not by rude Force, or a tumultuous Crowd :

Against *Navarre* the Factionous Princes leagu'd,

And the Right Heir the Papal World intrigu'd :

When a long War had plac'd him on the Throne,

The State Religion he was forc'd to own ;

The harmless People took it in good Part,

The zealous Church yet stabb'd him to the Heart ;

Taught all by Story, there was no Defence,

(Prince.

But they must change their Faith, or change their

Who would not here the like Extreame prevent,

And settle Things by Aid of Parliament ?

Thou only Court presiding at the Helm,

Which mak'st all others useful to the Realm ;

Inferior Judges trembling to decree,

What may hereafter be condemn'd by thee :

The Chancellor's and ill Statesmen's only Dread,

For it is thou alone can reach their Head.

By thee fell *Wolfey*, and false *Clarendon*,

Abandon'd by their Kings, but here undone ;

52 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

Both overwhelm'd for daring to remove,
 Or stem the Torrent of their Master's Love:
 The one fair *Bullen* to his Prince deny'd;
 The other made lov'd *Stuart Richmond's* Bride,
 And with the Royal Blood for ever mingled }
 To their own Ruin can all Men agree,
 And none the Precipice but Courtiers see?
 Courtiers, who importune the Sovereign,
 To pardon Robbers, Cut-throats, for their Gain;
 Who live on Ideots, Lunaticks, Forfeits, Fines,
 And cannot thrive but when the Nation pines.
 Unhappy we, if rul'd by such, whose Rent
 Consists in Breaches of the Government.
 Some few there are with great Estates indeed,
 Yet labour with imaginary Need:
 Strange Sort of Fools, who for one Pension more,
 Inslave themselves, and all they had before.
 Others, with Titles and new Earldoms caught,
 Would give up all for which the Barons fought:
 They're equally unfit for Government,
 Who nothing have, or nothing will content.
 Who bid thee, in *Achitophel's* vile Name,
 Old *David's* Errors and his Faults proclaim?
 Or say, *Plots True or False are needful Things,*
 To set up *Common-wealths,* and pull down *Kings?*

That

Miscellany P O E M S. 53

That *David* (whom thou dost with Rev'rence name)
 Charm'd into Ease, grows careless of his Fame,
 And brib'd with petty Sums of Foreign Gold,
 Is grown in *Bathsheba's* Embraces old?
 That (like the Prince of Angels) from his Height,
 He now comes downward with diminish'd Light?
 If *David* once ill Language lay to Heart,
 Who shall the Poet from the Traytor part?
 The People's Voice, of old the Voice of God,
 Thou call'st the Voice of an unruly Crowd.
 Crowds are the Fools, —————
 That flock to thine and *D'Urfey's* Loyal Plays,
 And give implicit Claps on your third Days:
 About the Stage of *Mountebank* they wait,
 And whoop at Cudgels, or a broken Pate,
 But have, like thee, no Int'rest in the State.
 Rule as thou wilt the Realm of *Mexico*,
 And under Iron Yokes make *Indians* bow;
 But with old *England* what hast thou do?
 Who from our Kings an useful Pow'r would
 Nor have they Pow'r, but for the People's Sake
 Disarm themselves, and *Anarchy* bespeak.
 Kings may do Good at their full Stretch of Will,
 And need not for a Strain of Law stand still:
 They spare with Mercy, tho' with Judgment kill,
 Confin'd, like God, only from doing Ill.

54 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

Thus in our Papal Fire, to save the Town,
 Some Houses were blown up, and some pull'd down:
 None blam'd the Order, since 'twas understood,
 A private Mischief's for the publick Good.
 Tho' we all perish, yet we must forbear
 The sacred Title of a Popish Heir,
 If we thy foolish Politicks should hear.
 Somewhere there must a Sov'reign Power be,
 In King, in Lords, in Commons, or all Three,
 Deriv'd from God, and only less than his,
 Which can do all, and nothing do amiss;
 The sacred Ties of Marriage can dissolve,
 And Children in their Parents Crimes involve,
 Making those Bastards, who had else been Heirs,
 And injur'd Husbands, legal Widowers;
 Cut off Entails, make new, repeal old Laws,
 And of contending Kings decide the Cause.
 Thus from the Helm our learned *Richard* thrust,
 Confess'd their Pow'r, and own'd their Sentence just.
 And on the Throne our brave Fourth *Edward* sat,
 Whilst *Harry* liv'd a Prisoner of State.
Alphonso thus depos'd for his weak Life,
Pedro enjoy'd his Kingdom and his Wife.
 There *Jus Divinum* barks nor at his Right,
 Damns not his Rule by Day, nor Love by Night.

In his Defence each private Man may kill;
Must then a Nation perish, and stand still!
If for our Laws, Faith, God, we may not fight,
When can a Christian Sword be in the Right?
Oh! the prodigious Wit, and wond'rous Sting,

(Thing!
To call *Achit'phel's* Son, Unfeather'd Two-legg'd
So by old *Plato* Man was once defin'd,
'Till a pull'd Cock that Notion undermin'd.

Thy *Amiel* with Bull *Jonas* self may vye,
For all but Courage, Wit, and Honesty.
As loud he roar'd 'gainst the Prerogative,
As sharply blam'd, as stingily would give,
'Till his own Wants oblig'd him to receive,

And on his cheated Sire he could no longer live;
Whose whole Estate when he in Trust had got,
Thy honest *Amiel* grudg'd him Pipe and Pot.

Thy *Hushai* next, a true Friend e'er a Man,
So soon his Dearness with his Prince began,
Was but Fourteen when *David* was abroad,
Less fit for a King's Friendship than a Rod:
Which he deserv'd, when he with Tears reply'd,
And in full House the loyal Baby cry'd,
How could one *German* Journey teach his Youth,
And add Experience to his native Truth!

56 Miscellany P O E M S.

Abroad he learn'd to live upon his Prince,
As ev'ry Fool, Whore, Bully has done since;
To other Merit he has no Pretence.

Barzilai's Praise I could rehearse again,
And make the second Labour of my Pen;
Wise, Valiant, Loyal, Rich, of high Descent,
Born t'all that Fortune for her Darlings meant,
Who nobly scorn'd a private Happiness,
When he beheld the Sovereign in Distress;
To Arms he flew, but with bold *Cato's* Fate,
Espous'd the Cause that Fortune seem'd to hate:
Striving to save the Head that wore the Crown,
He pull'd the mighty Ruin on his own.

But why extoll'st *Jerusalem's* Sagan,
At Drink and Whores indeed a very Dragon?
Not *Magdalen*, possess'd in all her Prime
With her Ten Devils, could have equall'd him.
Why would'st thou call thy *Adriel* a Muse,
And *David* of his hasty Rise accuse?

When we all know, the same obliging Hand
Gave him his *George*, and *Ch—ll* his Command,
(Point Band.
Termin his Country House, and *Bromwich* his
Or *Jotham* flatter'd that vain fickle Thing,
Famous for Jest upon the Church and King:
One while *Pythagoras's* harmless Food,
For Thoughts and Politicks must cool his Blood;

And

And then again with Whores and lusty Wines,
 Revels all Night, and thinks him mad that dines.
 Quibbles, Jokes, Puns, and trifling Wit he has,
 And, like the *Swede*, is very rich in *Brafs*:
 Against the Court, and *David's* self he roar'd,
 How ill he govern'd, and how worse he whor'd;
 Would swear, a *Parrot* had more Wit than *Nelly*,

(Belly.

With her parch'd Face more wrinkled than P——
 Yet now to both, like Popish Saints, he prays,
 Which shews he will not burn in *James's* Days:
 In his plain Band, and Honesty in show,
 He only aim'd at *Da——y's* Overthrow;
 Which when obtain'd, this Patriot had his Ends,
 And farewell all his plain well-meaning Friends;
 There was no Plot, no Popish Duke to fear,
 With *Da——y* all our Dangers disappear.
Da——y thus setting, to prevent dark Night,
 This paler Moon shews forth its clearer Light,
 Misguides our Counsellors with her glim'ring Ray,
 And all our Men of Business lose their Way;
 Our Parliament's dissolv'd, new Members meet,
 An *Oxford* Journey must allay their Heat:
 But the true *English* Interest appear'd;
 The *Silver-Smiths* for their *Diana* fear'd;
 Popery would pass on us in no Disguise,
 No Flow'rs could hide that Serpent from our Eyes.

58 *Miscellany* (P O E M S).

Were in such Hast dissolv'd, that in the Street,
 New Chosen with Dissolving Members meet;
 And then a Paper, in good *David's* Name,
 Must the Proceedings of the House defame.
 Sheriffs and Juries pack'd, Justices made
 Knights of th' Address, and all false Colours laid,
 To cheat their Party with a vain Conceit,
 The People, Parliaments both Fear and Hate.
 What *Sampson* in a Dungeon Captive, blind,
 In spiteful Rage for cruel Foes design'd,
 The House of Commons must be thought to do,
 Against themselves, and those that trust them too.
 The Head shall sooner fear its own Right Hand,
 Parents their smiling Infant's Death command,
 The chearful Birds sit silent in the Spring,
 Than *Lords* and *Commons* hurt the *Realm* or *King*.
 They may thy Heroes, that small faithful Band,
 Precious Counsellors, who dare singly stand
 'Gainst the collective Wisdom of the Land. }
David in Exile had more Friends, than thou
 Wilt to his best, his happiest Days allow.
 Why sounds thy Trumpet in the Time of Peace?
 Art thou afraid our Differences should cease,
 That thus thou talk'st of Rebels, Treasons, more
 Than any *Irish* Witness ever swore?

Soldiers of Fortune, thus to drive a Trade,
Care not what Ruin, or what Slaughter's made.

But hear me Prophecy, and mark me well ;
E'er thrice the Rose renews its fragrant Smell,
People and King shall join, like Man and Wife,
And both abhor the Engines of their Strife :

No more shall they endure a Hackney Pen,
And thou cashier'd, shalt to the Stage again,
Please none but silly Women, or worse Men ;

David shall find Duty an empty Word,
(For diff'rent Faiths can never have one Sword ;
The Knot of Friendship is but loosely ty'd,
'Twixt those that Heavenly Concerns divide.)

He then shall with his Parliament agree,
And Lives and Fortunes shall their Language be.

Monmouth be bless'd for all that he has done,
While thy vile Heroes to their Pardons run.





The Greyhound Strip's
E L E G Y:
 WITH
 A Piece of his Skin annex'd.

D*iana*, come, attend this mournful Story,
 Here's *Strip* lies dead, of all thy Leash
 (the Glory.

Behold his Head, all of the wond'rous Snake!
 His Neck, the Emblem of the rowring Drake!
 Lo! there his scaly Back, like Oaken Beam,
 With stately Belly of the gliding Bream!
 His oval Foot, like the Majestick Cat,
 His whisking Stern outvies the warlike Rat!
 Renounce thy Pleasure, and thy Bow lay by;
 Thine Arrows never did so swiftly fly.

Miscellany POEMS. 61

His Strength, his Beauty, and his Courage too,
 Out-strip'd 'em all, for none like him could do;
 He never miss'd the Game he did pursue.
 Oft have I seen the trembling Puffs go by,
 Strait turn up white, and without flinching die;
 Alas! she knew it was in vain to fly.
 Witnesses ye * *Karn-Bray Hills*, and Downs of *Conner*!
 Poching † *Dick Flower* swears upon his Honour;
 ‡ *Redruth* and *Wendron* do attest the same,
 And bear this Record, to his matchless Fame;
 The Plains of *Sarum* never yet did yield
 A Dog his Equal, nor *Newmarket* Field.
 Rejoice, ye Hares! your Jubilee is come,
 Leap, frisk, and play, until the Day of Doom.

* Places that breed the stoutest Hares in Cornwall.

† A Country Parson.

‡ Two honest Gentlemen that live in those Parishes.



THE



THE
INCHANTMENT.

By Mr. OTWAY.

I.

I Did but look and love awhile,
'Twas but for one half Hour;
Then to resist, I had no Will,
And now I have no Power.

II.

To sigh, and wish, is all my Ease;
Sighs, which do Heat impart,
Enough to melt the coldest Ice,
Yet cannot warm your Heart.

III. Oh!

III.

Oh! would your Pity give my Heart
One Corner of your Breast,
'Twould learn of yours the winning Art,
And quickly steal the rest.



II.

THE



T H E

ENJOYMENT.

By the same.

I.

Clasp'd in the Arms of her I love,
In vain, alas ! for Life I strove :
My flutt'ring Spirits, wrap'd in Fire
By Love's mysterious Art,
Born on the Wings of fierce Desire,
Flew from my flaming Heart.

II.

Thus lying in a Trance for dead,
Her swelling Breasts bore up my Head ;

When

Miscellany P O E M S. 65

When waking from a pleasing Dream,
I saw her killing Eyes,
Which did in fiery Glances seem
To say, Now *Calia* dies.

III.

Fainting, she press'd me in her Arms,
And trembling lay, dissolv'd in Charms;
When, with a shiv'ring Voice, she cry'd,
Must I alone then die?
No, no, I languishing reply'd,
I'll bear thee Company.

IV.

Melting our Souls thus into one,
Swift Joys our Wilhes did out-run :
Then launch'd in rolling Seas of Bliss,
We bid the World, *Adieu*;
Swearing by ev'ry charming Kiss,
To be for ever true.



TO THE
QUEEN,

ON

The D E A T H *of* his Royal
Highness Prince G E O R G E
of Denmark.

By JOSEPH TRAPP, M. A.

W H E N weeping Majesty through Clouds ^{(appears,}
And all *Britannia's* Hope dissolves in Tears;
'Tis Universal Grief; and all would show
Their Zeal to lessen such important Woe.

While

Miscellany P O E M S. 67

While others various Arts of Comfort use ;
Accept of ours, *Great Princess*, nor refuse
The Consolations of th'officious Muse,
Who fights for You, and labours in her Turn,
To heal that Sorrow, which whole Kingdoms mourn.

(Cause
With Cause indeed You grieve, with mighty
Lament harsh Destiny's resistless Laws,
When the dear Partner of Your Joys and Cares
No more survives, no more Your Counsels shares ;
No longer lives t'adorn Your Court, and bless
Your warlike Reign with all the Sweets of Peace,
To heighten Fortune's Smiles, allay her Frowns,
And ease the long Fatigues that wait on Crowns.
All was harmonious ; no Dispute between
Th'ambiguous Rights of *Consort*, and of *QUEEN*,
When mutual Tenderness unquestion'd sway'd,
And both, or neither, govern'd or obey'd.
How did the pious Royal Pair improve
The brightest Patterns of Connubial Love !
Which still in all shall Admiration raise ;
O! would they imitate, as well as praise.

In Life's Decay, to Sickness forc'd to yield,
He sought, 'tis true, no Lawrels in the Field :

How

68 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

How could he then those tedious Toils sustain,
 (Pain?)
 With lab'ring Lungs that heav'd for Breath with
 How range the thick'ning Squadrons into Form,
 Or teach th'uncertain Battle when to storm?
 As when his Strength, not yet in its Decline,
 Stood firm, and gave the Hero Leave to shine.
 When oft renown'd in Northern Wars, he led
 His hardy *Danes*, and charging at their Head,
 With swift Destruction crush'd the valiant *Sweed*;
 Rescu'd his sinking Brother from the Foe,
 And sav'd a King, and Kingdom, at a Blow.

(join,
 Or when he march'd with *WILLIAM*'s Arms to
 And shar'd with Him the Glory of the *Boyne*.
 Nor, when retir'd, did all his Labours cease;
 Silent, but not inglorious, was his Ease.
 Your Realms with delegated Rule he aw'd,
 Gentle at Home, as rough and brave Abroad.
 Thus always led by Fame's or Virtue's Charms,
 An Hero still in Piety, or Arms.

Though all these Honours to Himself are due,
 One more conspicuous He derives from You;
 Consort to such a *QUEEN*! That deathless Name
 Shall add the brightest Lustre to his Fame;

Miscellany P O E M S. 69

Immortalize his Glory, and outshine
All Regal Titles, but the *Right Divine*.

A Prince so Excellent, You needs must grieve
To lose, but Heav'n rejoices to receive.
Cease then Your Sighs ; while languishing You sit,
Britannia's Genius weeping at Your Feet,
The Business of the World suspended stands,
Nor circulates without Your dread Commands.

So if that Part which all the Body guides,
Where the Nerves meet, and where the Soul resides,
The least Disorder feels, the whole Machine
Is pale without, and all untun'd within :
The vital Springs their active Force forget,
And all the lazy Pulses faintly beat.

Enough to Grief You then resign'd Your Breast,
Profuse and lavish of Your Royal Rest ;
When negligent of all Your Pomp and State,
Close by the gasping Prince You pensive fate ;
Outwatch'd the Stars with watry sleepless Eyes,
With Vows incessant importun'd the Skies ;
And vainly struggling with relentless Death,

(Breath.
Hung on his trembling Lips, and catch'd his flying

As

70 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

As much as could from Destiny be gain'd,
 Your unexampled Piety obtain'd :
 Long doubtful did its list'd Hand forbear
 The threaten'd Stroke, which hov'ring hung in Air,
 Your Prayers with Heaven maintain'd a dubious (Strife,
 His Soul long flutt'ring on the Verge of Life,
 And by a gradual Death at last set free,
 To soften Fate, and smooch its harsh Decree.

Nor weep, as if Your Glory too were dead,
 And all Your Joys with Your lov'd Confort fled,
 No more he holds Your Pow'r in either Hand,
 One to controul the Sea, and one the Land :
 Yet Sov'reign o'er these Isles You still remain,
 And in our willing Hearts triumphant reign :
 Yet still Your Fleets the liquid Empire keep,
 And ride Majestick o'er the boundless Deep.
 Abroad Your conqu'ring Troops lament Your Loss
 In dreadful Grief, pernicious to Your Foes.
 Soon as the News was to the Camp convey'd,
 On *Lisle's* retarding Citadel employ'd,
 Murm'ring they paus'd, the Tidings to enquire,
 With Arms reclin'd, and stopp'd their Storms of (Fire;
 But soon discharg'd their Fury on the *Gauls*,
 And pour'd fresh Ruin on their shatter'd Walls.

Miscellany P O E M S. 71

Marlbro' and Eugene still Your Thunder wield,
 In spite of Winter, and maintain the Field ;
 Always Victorious, they the Foe engage,
 Like Winter Tempests, with redoubl'd Rage ;
 Teaching his scatter'd Troops no more to dare
 To stand the sweeping Whirlwind of their War.
 Fir'd with new Courage, farther we advance
 On hostile Ground, and closely press on *France*.
Britannia's QUEEN, and all *Britannia's* Pow'rs,
 Level their Bolts at *Gallia's* haughty Tow'rs ;
 More terrible in Grief : So Lightnings fly,
 Redd'ning the horrid Gloom, when Clouds obscure
 (the Sky.

Let all Your Conquests for his Death atone,
 Forget Fate's Triumphs, and improve Your own.
 Chiefly to You the Godlike Prince is lost ;
 But think, oh ! think, You grieve at *Europe's* Cost,
 And least should mourn him, tho' You lose him
 (most.

And you, who near your weeping Sov'reign wair,
 And share the melancholy Pomp of State,
 Use all your Female Tenderneſs, and find
 The gentleſt Arts to recompoſe her Mind :
 Nor with unſkilful pious Haſte increaſe
 The ſwelling Paſſion which you ſtrive to eaſe ;

But

72 *Miscellany* P O E M S

But sooth the Pain awhile, and bring Relief,
With all the softest Elegance of Grief.

In sad complaining Sounds her Sighs return,

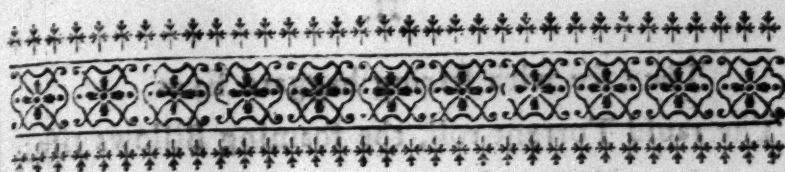
And own, Your *QUEEN* has wond'rous Cause to ^{(mourn.}
But then intreat Her to regard our Fears,
And count the vast Expence of *Royal Tears*.

May Heav'n, and She, if Heav'n our Crimes can ^{(spare.}
Make that inestimable Life their Care.

That we implore, with anxious Fears oppress'd,
Sollicitous for That, and thoughtless of the Rest.



O D E



O D E,

For the Year 1705.

By Mr. EDMUND SMITH,
of Christ-Church, Oxon.

I.

JANUS, did ever to thy wond'ring Eyes,
So bright a Scene of Triumph rise?
Did ever *Greece* or *Rome* such Lawrels wear,
As crown'd the last auspicious Year?
When first at *Bleinheim* *ANNE* Her Ensigns spread,
And *Marlbro'* to the Field the shouting Squadrons led,
In vain the Hills and Streams oppose,
In vain the hollow Ground in faithless Hillocks rose.
To the rough *Danube's* winding Shore,
His shatter'd Foes the conqu'ring Hero bore.

D

II. They

II.

They see with staring haggard Eyes
 The rapid Torrent roll, the foaming Billows rise;
 Amaz'd, aghast, they turn, but find,
 In *Marlbro's* Arms, a surer Fate behind.
 Now his red Sword aloft impends,
 Now on their shrinking Heads descends :
 Wild and distracted with their Fears,
 They jostling plunge amidst the sounding Deeps;
 The Flood away the struggling Squadrons sweeps,
 And Men, and Arms, and Horses whirling bears.
 The frightened *Danube* to the Sea retreats,
 The *Danube* soon the flying Ocean meets,
 Flying the Thunder of Great *ANNA's* Fleets.

III.

Rooke on the Seas asserts her Sway,
 Flames o'er the trembling Ocean play,
 And Clouds of Smoak involve the Day.
 Affrighted *Europe* hears the Cannons roar,
 And *Africk* echoes from its distant Shore.
 The *French*, unequal in the Fight,
 In Force superior, take their Flight.
 Factions in vain the Hero's Worth decry,
 In vain the vanquish'd triumph, while they fly.

IV. Now,

IV.

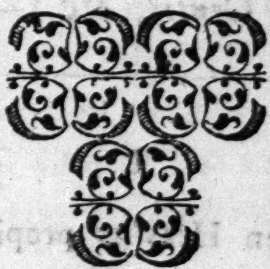
Now, *JANUS*, with a future View,
The Glories of Her Reign survey,
Which shall o'er *France* Her Arms display,
And Kingdoms now Her own subdue.

Lewis, for Oppression born;

Lewis, in his Turn, shall mourn,
While his conquer'd happy Swains,
Shall hug their easy with'd-for Chains.

Others, enslav'd by Victory,
Their Subjects, as their Foes, oppress;

ANNA conquers but to Free,
And governs but to Bless.





H O R A C E,

Lib. IV. Ode 5. *Imitated* ;

*And humbly address'd to his Grace the
Duke of Marlborough, instead of
Augustus, to whom it is dedicated in
the Original.*

*Divis orte bonis, Optime Romulæ
Custos Gentis, &c.*

I.

O Born! when Heav'ns propitious deign'd to (smile,
Thou Best and Bravest Champion of our Isle!
Too long hast Thou been absent from our Sight,
Too long unhappy *Britains* mourn
Thy slow Return;

And Senates wait to do their conqu'ring Gen'ral (Right.
II. Re-

II.

Return, brave Prince, those radiant Beams restore,
 That grac'd thy Country, when Thou grac'd'st
 For like the Spring's, when thy bright Aspect's seen,
 It on the People darts its Rays,
 And introduces Sun-shine Days ;
 And all the Land does smile, and all the Sky's
 (serene.

III.

As a fond Mother for her Son complains,
 Whom the South Wind on Foreign Coasts detains,
 Beyond his wonted and accustom'd Time,
 From his dear Home, and her more dear Embrace,
 And will not from the Shore avert her Face ;
 But upwards sends her Vows and Pray'rs,
 Expensive of her briny Tears,
 In Hopes to see him reach his native Clime,
 Thus urg'd by faithful Wishes and Desires,
 Britain from Germany her Marlborough requires.

IV.

Safe by thy Presence, Oxen plow the Fields,
 And Corn with Increase her Blessings yields ;

78 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

As ev'ry Project to our Wish succeeds ;
 While by thy Influence at Land, the Sea
 From *Gallia's* Naval Threats is free,
 And Virtue grows in Fashion from thy Virtuous
 (Deeds.

V.

To thee, and to thy chaste Example's Due,
 No Peer frequents the long neglected Stew ;
 That Parents by their Children's Looks are known ;
 That Laws are put in Force,
 And Punishments come on of Course,
 When obstinate Offenders will those Laws disown.

VI.

Who fears the *French*, or who the grumbling *Scot* ?
 Or the dark Mischiefs false *Bavarians* plot ?
 Who values the *Hungarian* or the *Sweed* ?
 If *Marlb'rough's* free from Harms,
 The World against us is in vain in Arms,
 And in his Health alone, *Britain's* from Danger
 (freed.

VII.

Be Thou but safe, we'll safely spend our Days,
 And undisturb'd will Plants and Flowers raise ;

Will

Miscellany P O E M S. 79

Will lop the *Sycamore*, and prune the *Vine*,
And to our own Freeholds will come,
Mindful of him that gifts us with a Home,
And toast our fam'd Defender's Health, by which
(we dine.

VIII.

To Thee our Wishes and our Cups go round,
With many Vows, and many Bumpers crown'd ;
While we to Royal *ANNA*'s join thy Name,
With the same Rev'rence to thy Praise,
As *Greece* in ancient Days,
Shew'd to their *Castor*'s, or *Alcidas* deathless Fame.

IX.

O matchless Prince ! for so the Muse requests,
Return, and lengthen our *Thanksgiving-Fests* ;
Extend them to an endless Round of Years,
Or make one Holy-day of Time ;
'Till Thou *Cœlestial* Regions climb,
And leave us all disconsolate in Tears.

(wake,
These are our Day-break Wishes, when a-thirst we
And these our Sun-set Vows, when we full Bumpers
(take.

Tibi summe Rhæni Domitor, Parens Orbis.

Pudice Princeps, Gratias agunt Urbes. Mart. l. 9.



To his GRACE
The DUKE of
MARLBOROUGH,
Upon his Going into
GERMANY.

GO, Mighty PRINCE, and those Great Na-
G Which thy Victorious Arms before made free;
View that fam'd *Column*, where thy Name, engrav'd,
Shall tell their Children who their *Empire* sav'd:
Point out that *Marble*, where thy Worth is shown,
To ev'ry Grateful Country, but thy Own.
O Censure undeserv'd! Unequal Fate!
Which strove to Lessen *Him* who made *Her* Great;

Which

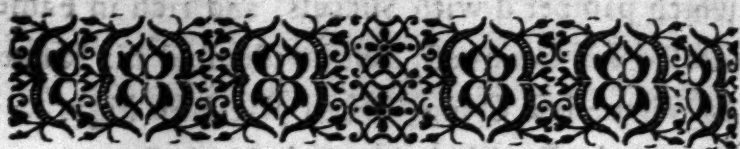
Miscellany P O E M S. 81

Which pamper'd with Success, and rich in Fame,
Exroll'd his Conquest, but condemn'd his Name :
But Virtue is a Crime, when plac'd on high,
Tho' all the Fault's in the Beholder's Eye.

Yet He, untouch'd, as in the Heat of Wars,
Flies from no Danger, but *Domestic Fars* ;
Leaves busy Tongues, and lying Fame behind,
And tries at least in other Climes to find,
Our Rage by Mountains and by Seas confin'd ;
Yet smiling at the Dart, which Envy shakes,
He only fears for Her, whom He forsakes.
He grieves to find the Course of Virtue crost,
Blushing to see our Blood no better lost ;
Disdains in Factious Parties to contend,
And proves in Absence most *Britannia's Friend*.

So the Great *SCIPIO* of old, to shun
That glorious Envy which his Arms had won,
Far from his dear, ungrateful *Rome* retir'd,
Prepar'd, where'er his Country's Cause requir'd,
To shine in *Peace* or *War*, and be again Admir'd.





THE
Miller's TALE,
FROM
CHAUCER.

Inscribed to
N. ROWE *Esq;*

The ARGUMENT.

NICHOLAS, a Scholar of Oxford, practiseth with
ALISON, the Carpenter's Wife of Osney, to de-
ceive her Husband; but in the End is rewarded ac-
cordingly.

W Hilom in Oxford, an old Chuff did dwell,
A Carpenter by Trade, as Stories tell;
Who by his Craft had heap'd up many a Hoard,
And furnish'd Strangers both with Bed and Board.

With

Miscellany P O E M S. 83

With him a Scholar lodg'd, of slender Means,
But notable for Sciences and Sense.
Yet, tho' he took Degrees in Arts, his Mind
Was mostly to *Astrology* inclin'd.
A Lad in *Divination* skill'd and shrewd,
Who by Interrogations could conclude,
If Men should ask him at what certain Hours
The drougthy Earth would gape for cooling Show'rs,
When it should rain, or snow, what should befall
Of fifty Things; I cannot reckon all.

This learned Clerk had got a mighty Fame
For Modesty, and *NICHOLAS* his Name.
Subtle he was, well taught in *Cupid's* Trade,
But seem'd as meek, and bashful as a Maid.
A Chamber in this Hostelry he kept,
Alone he study'd, and alone he slept.
With sweet and fragrant Herbs the Room was dress'd,
But he was ten times sweeter than the best.
His Books of various Size, or great, or small,
His *Augrim* Stones to cast Accounts withal;
His *Astrolabe* and *A'magist* * apart,
With twenty more hard Names of cunning Art;
On several Shelves were couched nigh his Bed,
And the Press cover'd with a folding Red.

* *The Name of a Book of Astronomy, written by Ptolomy.*

84 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

Above an Instrument of Music lay,
On which sweet Melody he us'd to play,
So wond'rous sweet, that all the Chamber rung,
And *Angelus ad Virginem* † he sung;
Then would he chaunt in good King *David's* Note,
Full often † blessed was his merry Throat,
And thus the Clerk in Books and Music spent
His Time, and Exhibition's yearly Rent.

This Carpenter had a new married Wife,
Lov'd as his Eyes, and dearer than his Life.
The buxom Lads had twice nine Summers seen,
And her brisk Blood ran high in ev'ry Vein.
The Dotard, jealous of so ripe an Age,
Watch'd her, and lock'd her, like a Bird in Cage:
For she was wild, and in her lovely Prime;
But he, poor Man! walk'd down the *Hill of Time*.
He knew the Temper of a youthful Spouse,
And oft was seen to rub his aking Brows.
He knew his own weak Side, and dreamt in Bed,
She had, or would, be planting on his Head.
He knew not *Cato*, for his Wit was rude,
That Men should wed with their Similitude.
Like should with Like, in Love and Years, engage,
For *Youth* can never be a Rhyme to *Age*.

† *The Angel's Salutation to the Virgin Mary.*

Hence Jealousies create a Nuptial War,
 And the warm Seasons with the frigid jar:
 But when the Trap's once down, he must endure
 His Fate, and *Patience is the only Cure*.
 Perhaps his Father, and a hundred more
 Of honest Christians, were thus serv'd before.
 Fair was his charming Consort, and withall
 Slender her Waste, and like a *Weasel's* small.
 She had a Girdle barred all with Silk,
 And a clean Apron, white as *Morrow Milk*.
 White was her Smock, embroider'd all before,
 Which on her Loins in many Plaits she wore.
 Broad was her silken Filler, set full high,
 And oft she twinkled with a liquorish Eye.
 Her Brows were arch'd like a bended *Bow*,
 Like *Marble* smooth, and blacker than a *Sloe*;
 She softer far than *Wool*, or fleecy *Snow*.
 Were you to search the Universal round,
 So gay a Wench was never to be found.
 With greater Brightness did her Colour shine,
 Than a new *Noble* of the freshest Coin.
 Shrill was her Song, and loud her piercing Note,
 No *Swallow* on a Barn had such a Throat.
 To this she skipp'd and caper'd, like a *Lamb*,
 Or *Kid*, or *Calf*, when they pursue their Dam.
 Sweet as *Metheglin* was her *Honey Lip*,
 Or Hoard of *Apples* which in *Hay* are kept.

Wincing

86 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

Wincing she was, as is a jolly *Colt*,
 Long as a Mast, and upright as a Bolt.
 Above her Ankles laced was her Shoe;
 She was a *Primrose*, and a *Pigsye* too;
 And fit to lig by any Christian's Side,
 Or a Lord's Mistress, or a Yeoman's Bride.

Now, Sir, what think you, how the Case befell?
 This *Nicholas*, (for I the Truth will tell)
 Was a meer Wag, and on a certain Day,
 When the good Man, the Husband, was away,
 Began to sport and wanton with his Dame,
 (For *Clerks* are sly, and very full of Game).
 And privily he caught her by *That same*.
 My * Lemman Dear, (quoth he) I'm all on fire,
 And perish, if you grant not my Desire.
 He clasp'd her round, and held her fast, and cry'd,
 O let me, let me — never be deny'd.
 At this she wreath'd her Head, and sprung aloof,
 Like a young frisking *Colt*, whose tender Hoof
 Ne'er felt the Farrier's Hand, and never knew
 The Virgin Burden of an Iron Shoe.
 Fie *Nicholas*, away your Hands, quoth she,
 Is this your Breeding, and Civility?

* *Mistress*.

Miscellany P O E M S. 87

Foh! Idle Sot! What meanst' unmannér'd Clown,
To teaze me thus, and tofs me up and down?
I vow I'll tell, and bawl it o'er the Town.
You're rude, and will you not be answer'd, No?
I will not kifs you — prithee, let me go.

Here *Nicholas*, a young, designing Knave,
Began to weep, and cant, and Pardon crave.
So fair he spoke, and importun'd so fast,
This seeming modest Spouse consents at last;
By good *St. Thomas* † swore, her usual Oath,
That she would meet his Love — tho' mighty loath.
' If you, said she, convenient Leisure wait,
' (You know my Husband has a jealous Pate).
' I will requite you; for if once the Beast
' Should chance to find us out, and smell the Jest,
' I must be a dead Woman at the least.

Let that, quoth *Nicholas*, ne'er vex your Head;
He must be a meer learned Ass indeed,
And very foolishly besets his Wife,
Who cannot a dull *Carpenter* beguile.
And thus they were accorded, thus they swore
To wait the Time, as I have said before.
And now, when *Nicholas* had wore away
The pleasant Time in harmeless am'rous Play,

† *St. Thomas* Becket.

88 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

To his melodious *Psalttery* he flew,
 Play'd Tunes of Love, by which his Passion grew,
 Then printed on her Lips a dear *Adieu*.
 It happen'd thus, I cannot rightly tell,
 If it on *Easter* or on *Whitsun* fell;
 That on a Holyday, this modest Dame
 To Church, with other honest Neighbours, came,
 In a good Fit, to hear the Parson preach
 What the Divine Apostles us'd to teach.
 Bright was her Forehead, and no Summer's Day
 Shone half so clear, so tempting, and so gay.

Now to this Parish did a *Clerk* belong,
 Who many a time had rais'd a Holy Song.
 His Name was *Absalon*, a silly Man,
 Who curl'd his Hair, which strutted like a Fan,
 And from his jolly, pert, and empty Head,
 In Golden Ringlets on his Shoulders spread.
 His Face was red, his Eyes as grey as *Goose*,
 With *St. Paul's* Windows figur'd on his Shoes.
 Full properly he walk'd, in Scarlet Hose;
 But light, and Silver-colour'd were his Cloths,
 And Surplice white as Blossoms on the Rose.
 Thick Poynts and Tassels did the Coxcomb please,
 And fetously they dangled on his Knees.
 He could let Blood, and shave your Beard or Head,
 But a meer *Barber Surgeon* by his Trade.

Thomas Blackley. Nay,

Miscellany P O E M S. 89

Nay, he could write and read, and that is more,
 Than twenty Parish Clerks could do before.
 Nay, he could fill a Bond, and learnt from *France*,
 In thirty Motions how to trip and dance ;
 Could frisk and toss his twirling Legs in Air,
 Nice were his Feet, and trod it to a Hair.
 Songs would he play, and not to hide his Wit,
 Would squeak a *Treble* to his squawling *Kir*.
 His Dress was finical, his Music queer,
 And pleas'd a Tapster's Eyes, or Drawer's Ear.
 No Tavern, Brew-house, Ale-house in the Town,
 Was to the gentle *Absalon* unknown :
 But he was very careful of his Wind,
 And never let it sally out behind.
 To give the *Devil* his Due, he had an Art,
 By civil Speech, to win a Lady's Heart.

This *Absalon*, so jolly, spruce and gay,
 Went with the *Censer* on the Sabbath Day.
 He swung the Incense Pot with comely Grace,
 But chiefly would he fume a pretty Face.
 His wanton Eye, which ev'ry where he cast,
 Dwelt on the Carpenter's fine *Dame* at last.
 So sweet and proper was his lovely Wife,
 That he could freely gaze away his Life.
 Were he a *Cat*, this pretty *Mouse* would feel
 Too soon his Talons, a delicious Meal.

And

90 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

And now had *Cupid* shot a piercing Dart,
 And wet the Feathers in his wounded Heart.
 No Off'ring of the handsome Wives he took,
 He wanted nothing but a smiling Look,
 The Parish Fees refus'd, and said, the Light
 Of the fair Moon shines brightest in the Night.
 Soon as the Cock had bid the Morning rise,
 The smitten Lover to his *Fiddle* flies :
 A hideous Noise his squeaking *Trillôs* make,
 And all the drowsy Neighbourhood awake.
 At the lov'd House some am'rous Tunes he play'd,
 And thus with gentle Voice he sung, or said :
Now, dear Lady, if thy Will be,
I pray you that you'll pity me.
 And twenty such complaining Notes he sung,
 Alike the *Musie* of his *Kit*, and Tongue.
 At this the staring *Carpenter* awoke,
 And thus his Wife, fair *Alison*, bespoke :
 Art Thou asleep, or art Thou deaf, my Dear ?
 And cannot *Absalon* at Window hear ?
 How with his Serenade he charms us all,
 Chanting melodiously beneath our Wall ?
 Yes, yes, I hear him, *Alison* reply'd,
 Too well, God wot ; and then she turn'd aside.
 Thus went Affairs, 'till *Absalon*, alas !
 Was a lost Creature, a meer whining *Ass*.

Miscellany POEMS. 91

All Night he wakes, and sighs, and wears away
On his broad Locks and Dress the live-long Day.
To such a Height his doating Fondness grew,
To kiss the Ground, and wipe her very Shoe:
Where'er she went, he like a Slave persu'd,
With spiced *Ale*, and sweet *Metheglin* woo'd.
All Dainties he could rap and rend, he got,
And sent her *Tarts* and *Custards* piping hot.
He spar'd no Cost for an expensive Treat,
Of *Mead* and *Cyder*, and all Sorts of Meat.
Throbbing he sings with his lamenting Throat,
And rivals *Philomela's* mournful Note.
With Rigour some, and some with gentle Arts,
Have found a Passage to young Ladies Hearts:
Some Wealth has won, and some have had the Lot
To fall enamour'd of a treating Sot.

Sometimes he *Scaramouch'd* it on high,
And *Harlequin'd* it with Activity;
Betrays the Lightness of his empty Head,
And how he could cut Capers in a Bed.
But neither this nor that the Damsel move,
For *Nicholas* has swept the Stakes of Love.
The *Parish Clerk* has nothing met but Scorn,
And may go Fiddle now, or blow his Horn.
Thus gentle *Abfalon* is made her Ape,
And all his Passion turn'd into a Jape:

For

92 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

For *Nicholas* is always in her Eye ;
 True, says the Proverb, that the *Nigh* are *Sly*.
 A distant Love may Disappointment find,
 For out of Sight is ever out of Mind.
 The Scholar was at hand, as I have told,
 And gave the Parish Clerk the Dog to hold.
 Now *Nicholas* thy Craft and Cunning try,
 That *Abfalon* may *de Profundis* cry.

Now when this Carpenter was call'd away,
 To work at *Osney*, on a certain Day ;
 The subtle Scholar, and his wanton Spouse,
 Were decently contriving for his Brows :
 Agreed, that *Nicholas* should shape a Wile,
 Her addle-pated Husband to beguile.
 And if so be the Game succeeded right,
 She then would sleep within his Arms all Night :
 For both were in this one Desire concern'd,
 Alike they suffer'd, and alike they burn'd.
 Strait a new Thought leap'd cross the Scholar's Head,
 Who at that Instant to his Chamber fled :
 But to relieve his Thirst and Hunger bore,
 Of Meat and Liquor, a substantial Store,
 And victuall'd it for a long Day or more.
 Also, should your Husband ask for Us, (quoth he)
 Reply in scorn, What's *Nicholas* to Me ?

Miscellany POEMS. 93

Am I his Keeper? help your silly Head!
Perhaps the Man is mad, asleep, or dead.
My Maid indeed has thump'd this Hour or more,
And knock'd, as if she'd thunder down the Door:
But He, a moaping Drone, no Answer gave,
Fast as a Church, and silent as the Grave.

Thus did one *Saturday* entire consume,
Since *Nicholas* had lock'd him in his Room;
Nor was he idle; for no *Lent* he kept,
But eat, like other Men, and drank and slept;
Did what he list, till the next Sun was new,
And went to Rest, as common Mortals do.

This Carpenter was in a grievous Pain,
Lest *Nicholas* should over-work his Brain;
By Study lose his Reason or his Life —
Well, by *St. Thomas*, I don't like it, Wife.
The World we live in is a ticklish Place,
And sudden Death has often stop'd our Race.
I saw a Coarse, as to the Church it past,
And the poor Man at work but *Monday* last.
Run, *Dick*, quoth he, run speedily up Stairs,
Thump at the Door, and see how stand Affairs.
Up strait he runs, like any Tempest flies,
And knocks, and bawls, and like a Madman cries:

Hoh!

94 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

Hoh! Master *Nicholas*, what mean you thus
 To sleep all Night and Day, and frighten Us?
 He might as well have whistled to the Wind,
 As from good *Nicholas* an Answer find.
 At last he spy'd a Hole, full low, and deep,
 Where usually the Cat was wont to creep;
 Here was discover'd, to his wond'ring Sight,
 The Scholar gazing with his Eyes upright,
 As if intent upon the Stars and Moon:
 And down runs he, to tell his Master soon,
 In what array he saw this studious Man:
 The *Carpenter* to cross himself began;
 And cry'd, St. *Frideswid*, help us one and all!
 Little we know what Fate shall us befall.
 This Man with his Astronomy is got
 Into some Frenzy, and stark mad, God wot.
 This comes of poring on his cunning Books,
 Of his Moon-snuffing, and Star-peeping Looks.
 Why should a silly Earth-born Mortal pry
 On Heav'n, and search the Secrets of the Sky?
 Well fare those Men, who no more Learning need,
 Than what's contain'd in the Lord's Pray'r and }
 Scholars sufficient, if they can but read! } (Creed,
 Thus far'd a sage Philosopher * of Old,
 Who walking out, as 'tis in Story told,

* Thales.

Was so much with Astronomy bewitch'd,
That his Star-gazing Clerkship was beditch'd.
Ill Luck attends the Man, who looks too high,
And can a Star, but not a Marlpit spy.
But, by St. Thomas, this shall never pass;
Too well I love this gentle Nicholas.
I'll ferret him, unless the Devil's in it,
From his brown Fit of Study in a Minute.

Robin, let's try if that an Iron Pur
And your strong Back can make this Scholar stir.
Now Robin was a Lad of Brawn and Bones,
And by the Hasp heav'd up the Door at once,
Which in the Chamber fell with dreadful Sound,
As would a Man, like you or me, astound.
But Nicholas did nothing do but stare,
And, like a Statue, gape into the Air.

This Carpenter was in a piteous Fear,
Because he did not, or he would not hear;
Thought some deep Melancholy had impair'd
His Brain, and that of Mercy he despair'd;
For which the Student in his Arms he took
With might and main, and by the Shoulders shook;
Cry'd, Nicholas, awake! what? not a Word?
Look down, despair not — think upon the Lord!

Then

96 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

Then the Night-Spell he mumbled to himself ;
 Bless Thee from Fiends, and ev'ry wicked Elf!
 He crost the Threshold, where a Devil might creep,
 And each small Hole, through which an Imp might ^{(peep}
 With solemn *Pater Nosters* blest the Door,
 And *Ave Mary's* after and before.
 At this the Clerk sent forth a heavy Sigh,
 With Tears, and woful Tone began to cry — }
And shall this World be lost so soon ? Ah ! why ?
 What do I hear ? the Carpenter reply'd,
 What say'st Thou, *Nich'las* ? Sure Thou art beside
 Thy self : Serve God, as we poor Lab'ers do,
 And then no Harm, no Danger will ensue.
 Ah ! Friend, quoth *Nicholas*, You little think
 What I can tell ; but first let's have some Drink.
 Then, my dear Host, Thou shalt in private learn
 Some certain Things, which Thee and Me concern.
 It shall no Mortal but your self avail ;
 Then fetch a *Winchester* of mighty Ale.
 And now when both had drank an equal Share,
 Cries *Nicholas*, sit down, and draw your Chair.
 But first, sweet Landlord, you must take an Oath,
 To no Man living to betray the Troth :
 For, trust me, what I'm going to relate
 Is *Revelation*, and as sure as Fate :

Miscellany P O E M S. 97

And if you tell, this Vengeance will ensue,
No Hare in *March* will be so mad as You.

Nay, quoth mine Host, I am no Blab, not I,
And hang me, if you catch me in a Lie.
I would not tell, tho' 'twere to save my Life,
To Chick or Child, to Man, or Maid, or Wife.

Now, *John*, quoth *Nicholas*, I will not hide
What by my Art I have of late descry'd;
How, as I por'd upon fair *Cynthia's* Light,
Should fall, on *Monday* next, at Quarter Night,
A Rain, so sudden, and so long to boot,
That *Noah's* Flood was but a Spoonful to't
This World within the Compass of an Hour
Shall all be drown'd, so hideous is the Show'r,
As will the Cattle, and Mankind devout
Cries then this silly Man, Alas, my Wife!
My Bosom-comfort, and my better Life!
And must She drown, and perish with the rest?
My *Alison*, the Darling of my Breast?

(Grief,

At this well nigh he swoon'd, o'erwhelm'd with
Fetch'd a deep Sigh, And is there no Relief,
No Remedy, he cry'd, no Succour left?

Are we, alas! of ev'ry Hope bereft?

No, by no Means, quoth this designing Clerk,

Be of good Heart, and by Instruction work:

E

For

98 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

For if by *Nicholas* you will be led,
And build no Castles in your own wild Head,
None so secure; for *Solomon* says true,
Work all by Council, and you cannot rue.
If you'll be govern'd, and be rul'd by me,
I'll undertake to save thy Wife and Thee;
By my own Art against the Flood prevail,
And make no use of either Mast or Sail.

(naught,
Have you not heard, how, when the World was
Noah by Heav'nly Inspiration taught —
Ay, ay, quoth *John*, I've in my Bible found,
That once upon a Time the World was drown'd.
Hast thou not heard how *Noah* was concern'd
For his dear Wife, and how his Bowels yearn'd,
'Till he had built and furnish'd out a Bark,
And lodg'd her with her Children in the Ark?
Now Expedition is the Soul and Life
Of Business; if you love your Self, or Wife,
Run, fly — for in this Case it is a Crime
To loiter, or to lose an Inch of Time.
For *Alison*, your self, and me provide
Three kneading Troughs, to sail upon the Tide:
But take most special Care, that they be large,
In which a Man may swim, as in a Barge.
Let them be victuall'd well, and see you lay
Sufficient Stores against a rainy Day;

Enough

Miscellany P O E M S. 099

Enough to serve you twenty Hours, and more,
For then the Flood will 'swage, and not before.
But one Thing let me whisper in your Ear,
Let not thy sturdy Servant Robin hear,
Nor bonny Gillian know what I relate;
I must not utter the Decrees of Fate.
Ask me not Reasons why I cannot save
Your trusty serving Maid, and honest Knave:
Suffice it Thee, unless thy Wits be mad,
To have as great a Grace as Noah had.
Do you make haste, and mind the grand Affair;
To save your Wife shall be my proper Care.
But when these kneading Tubs are ready made,
Which may secure us, when the Floods invade;
See that you hang them in the Roof full high,
That none our Providential Plot descry:
And when thou hast convey'd sufficient Store
Of Meats and Drink, as I have said before,
And put a sharpen'd Ax in ev'ry Boat,
To cut the Cord, and set us all afloat:
Then thro' the Gable of the House, which lies
Above the Stable, and the Garden spies,
Break out a Hole, so very large and wide,
Thro' which our Tubs may sail upon the Tide.

Then wilt thou so much Mirth and Pleasure take
In swimming, as the white Duck and the Drake.

100 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

Then will I cry, Hoh ! *Alison*, and *John*,
 Be merry, for the Flood will pass anon.
 Then wilt thou answer, *Master Nicholas*,
 Good morrow, for I see it is broad Day.
 Then shall we reign, as Emperors for Life,
 O'er all the World, like *Noah*, and his Wife.
 But one Thing I almost forgot to tell
 Which now comes in my Head, (and mark me well)
 That on that very Night we go aboard,
 All must be hush'd, and whisper not a Word ;
 But all the Time employ our holy Mind
 In earnest Pray'rs, for thus has Heav'n injoin'd.

You and your Wife must take a sep'rate Place,
 Nor is there any Sin in such a Case.
 To morrow Night, when Men are fast asleep,
 We to our Kneading Tubs will slyly creep:
 There will we sit, each in his Ship apart,
 And wait the Deluge with a patient Heart.
 Go now ; I have no longer Time to spare
 In Sermoning, use expeditious Care:
 Your Apprehension needs no more Advice ;
 One single Word's sufficient for the Wife:
 And none, dear Landlord, can your Wit inform ;
 Go, save our Lives from this impending Storm.
 Away hies *John*, with melancholy Look,
 And sigh'd, and groan'd, at ev'ry Step he took.

Miscellany POEMS. 101

To *Alison* he does his Fate deplore,
And tells a Secret which she knew before :
But yet she trembled, like an *Aspen Leaf*,
And seem'd to perish with dissembled Grief ;
Crying, Alas ! what shall I do ? — Be gone —
Help us to 'scape, or we are all undone.
I am thy true and very wedded Wife,
Go, dear, dear Spouse, and help to save my Life.

What strong Impressions does Affection give ?
By Fancy Men have often ceas'd to live.
How'er absurd Things in themselves appear,
Weak Minds are apt to credit what they fear.

This silly Carpenter is almost *Wood*,
And thinks of nothing else but *Noah's Flood* ;
Believes he sees it, and begins to quake,
And all for *Alison*, his Honey's Sake.
He's over-run with Sorrows and with Fear,
And sends forth many a Groan, and many a Tear.
A Kneading Trough, a Tub, and * *Kemeling*,
He gets by Stealth, and sends them to his Inn.
He makes three Ladders, whence he climbs aloof,
And privately he hangs them in the Roof.

* *Brewer's Vessel.*

102 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

But first he victuall'd them, both Trough, and Tub,
 (mighty Bub.
 With Bread and Cheese, and Bottles fill'd with
 Enough o'Conscience to relieve their Fast,
 And be sufficient for a Day's Repast.

But e'er this Preparation had been made,
 He sent to *London* both his Man and Maid,
 On certain Matters, which concern'd his Trade. }

And now came on the fatal *Monday Night*,
 Barr'd are the Doors, out goes the Candle-light:
 And when all Things in readiness were set,
 These Three their Ladders take, and up they get.
 Now *Pater Noster*, * *clum*, said *Alison*,
 And *clum*, quoth *Nicholas*, and *clum*, quoth *John*.
 This Carpenter his *Orisons* did say,
 For Men in Fear are very apt to pray.
 Silent he waited, when the Skies would pour
 This unaccountable, and dismal Show'r.

And now at † *Curfew* Time, dead Sleep began
 To fall upon this easy, simple Man;

* *A Note of Silence.*

† *Curfew*, WILLIAM the Conqueror, in the first Year of his Reign, commanded that in every Town and Village a Bell should be rung every Night, at Eight of the Clock; and that all People should then put out their Fire and Candle, and go to Bed. The Ringing of this Bell was call'd *Curfew*, that is, Cover Fire.

Who,

Who, after so much Care and Business past,
And spent with sad Concern, was quickly fast.
Soft down the Ladder stole this loving Pair,
Good *Nicholas*, and *Alison* the Fair:
Then, without speaking, to the Bed they creep
Of *John*, poor Cuckold! who was fast asleep.
There all the Night they revel, sport, and toy,
And act the merry Scene of am'rous Joy;
'Till that the Bell of *Lauds* began to ring,
And the fat Friars in the Chancel sing.

The Parish Clerk, this am'rous *Absalon*,
Who over Head and Ears in Love is gone,
At *Osney* happen'd with a jovial Crew
To spend the *Monday*, as they us'd to do;
There pulls a certain Friar by the Sleeve,
With Pardon begg'd, and, Father, by your Leave,
When saw you *John* the Carpenter, he cries:
Last *Saturday*, the *Cloisterer* replies,
Since when I have not seen him with these Eyes:
Perhaps abroad he's playing fast and loose;
Or fetching Timber for the Abbot's Use,
And lodges at the *Graunge* a Day or two;
Or else at Home — I know no more than you.

This made *Nab's* boiling Blood with Pleasure
The News rejoic'd the Cockles of his Heart.

104 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

Now is my Time, thinks he; the Moon is bright,
Nor care I, if I travel all the Night;
For at his Door, since Day began to spring,
I've seen, like him, no kind of Man or Thing.

It is resolv'd; to *Alison* I'll go,
When the first Morning Cock begins to crow;
And to her Window privately repair;
Then knock, and tell her my tormenting Care.
I'll open all my Breast, and ease my Heart,
For 'tis too much to bear Love's stinging Smart.
Some little Comfort sure I shall not miss,
At least she'll grant the Favour of a Kiss.
My Mouth has itch'd all Day, from whence it seems
That I shall kiss: Besides my pleasant Dreams
Of Feasts and Banquets, whence a Man may guess
That I may haply meet with some Success:
But for an Hour or two before I go,
I'll first refresh me with a Nap, or so.

Now the first Cock had wak'd from his Repose
The jolly *Abraham*, and up he rose.
But first he dresses finical and gay,
And looks like any *Beau*, at Church or Play,
And brisk as Bridegroom on a Wedding Day.
Nicely he combs the Ringlets of his Hair,
And wash'd with Rose-water, looks fresh and fair:

Then

Miscellany P O E M S. 105

Then with his Finger he her Window twang'd,
Whisper'd a gentle Tone, and thus harang'd.

Sweet Alison, my Honey-comb, my Dear,
My Bird, my Cinnamon, your Lover hear.
Awake, and speak one Word before I part;
But one kind Word, the Balsam to my Heart.
Little you think, alas! the mighty Woe,
Which for the Love of Thee I undergo.
For Thee I swelter, and for Thee I sweat,
And mourn as Lambskins for the Mother's Teat.
Nor false my Grief, nor does the Turtle Dove
Lament more truly, or more truly love.
I cannot eat nor drink, and all for Thee —
Get from my Window, you Jack Fool, said she;
I love another of a different Hue
From such a silly Dunder-head as you.
If you stand talking at that foolish Rate,
My Chamber-pot shall be about your Pate.
Be gone, you empty Sot, and let me sleep —
At this poor Absalon began to weep,
And his hard Fate with Sighs and Groans deplore,
Was ever faithful Love thus serv'd before?
Since then, my Sweet, what I desire's in vain,
Let me but one small Boon, a Kiss, obtain.
And will you then be gone, nor loiter here,
Quoth Alison? Ay certainly, my Dear!

106 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

Make ready then — Now, *Nicholas*, lie still;
'Tis such a Jest that you shall laugh your fill.

Ravish'd with Joy, *Nab* fell upon his Knees,
The happiest Man alive in all Degrees;
In silent Raptures he began to cry,
No Lord in Europe is so blest as I.
I may expect more Favours; for a Kiss
Is an Assurance of a further Bliss.
The Window now unclasp'd, with slender Voice,
Cries *Alison*, be quick, and make no Noise;
I would not for the World our Neighbours hear,
For they're made up of Jealousy and Fear.

Then silken Handkerchief from Pocket came,
To wipe his Mouth full clean to kiss the Dame.
Dark was the Night, as any Cole or Pitch,
When at the Window she clasp'd out her Breech.
The *Parish Clerk* ne'er doubted what to do,
But ask'd no Questions, and in haste fell to.
On her blind Side full favourly he prest
A loving Kiss, e'er he smelt out the Jest.
Aback he starts, for he knew well enough,

(rough.
That Women's Lips are smooth, but these were
What have I done, quoth he? and rav'd and star'd,
Ah me! I've kiss'd a Woman with a Beard.

He

Miscellany P O E M S. 107

He curs'd the Hour, and rail'd against the Stars,
That he was born to kiss my Lady's ———
* *Then* she cry'd, and clap'd the Window close,
While *Abſalon* with Grief and Anger goes
To meditate Revenge ; and to requite
The foul Affront, he would not ſleep that Night.
(Chips,
And now with Duſt, with Sand, with Straw, with
He ſcrubs and rubs the Kiſſes from his Lips.
Oft would he ſay, *Alas ! O baſeſt Evil !*
Than meet with this Diſgrace ſo damn'd unſeemly,
I rather had went headlong to the Devil,
To kiſs a Woman's ——— ! Oh ! it can't be born !
But by my Soul I'll be aveng'd by Morn.

Hot Love, the Proverb ſays, grows quickly cold,
And *Abſalon's* no more an am'rous Fool:
For ſince his Purpoſe was ſo ſouly croſs,
He gains his Quiet, tho' his Love is loſt;
And, cur'd of his Diſtemper, can deſy
All whining Coxcombs with a ſcornful Eye;
But for meer Anger, as he paſſ'd the Street,
He wept, as does a School-boy, when he's beat.
In a ſoft, doleful Pace at laſt he came
To an old *Vulcan*, *Jarvis* was his Name;

* *A Note of Laughter.*

Who.

198 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

Who late and early at the Forge turmoil'd,
In hammering Iron Bars, and Plough-shares, toil'd.
Hither repair'd, by One or Two a Clock,
Poor *Absalon*, and gave an easy Knock.

Who's there that knocks so late, Sir Jarvis cries?

'Tis I, the pensive *Absalon* replies,

Open the Door. *What, Absalon, quoth he?*

The Parish Clerk. Ah! Benedicite.

Where hast thou been? Some pretty Girl, I wot,

Has led you out so late upon the Trot.

Some merry Meeting on the Wenching Score;

You know my Meaning — but I'll say no more.

This *Absalon* another Distaff drew,

And had more Tow to spin than *Jarvis* knew:

He minded not a Bean of all he said,

For other Things employ'd his careful Head.

At last he Silence breaks, *Dear Friend*, he cries,

Lend's that bot Pur, which in the Chimney lies:

I have Occasion for't, no Questions ask,

To bring it back again shall be my Task.

With all my Heart, quoth *Jarvis*, were it Gold,

Or splendid Nobles in a Purse untold;

With all my Heart, as I'm an honest Smith,

I'll lend it Thee; but what wilt do therewith?

For that, quoth *Abfalon*, nor care, nor sorrow,
 I'll give a good Account of it to morrow.
 Then up the Culter in his Hand he caught,
 Tripp'd out with silent Pace, and wicked Thought.
 Red-hot it was, as any burning Coal,
 With which to *John* the Carpenter's he stole.
 There first he cough'd, and, as his usual wont,
 Up to the Window came, and tapp'd upon't.
 Who's there, quoth *Alison*? Some Midnight Rook,
 Some Thief, I warrant, with a hanging Look.
 Ah! God forbid, quoth this dissembling Elf,
 'Tis *Abfalon*, my Life! my better self!
 A rich Gold Ring I've to my Darling brought,
 By a known Graver exquisitely wrought:
 Beside a Poſſie, moſt divinely writ
 By a fam'd Poet, and notorious Wit.
 My Mother gave it me, ('tis wondrous fine)
 She clap'd it on my Finger, I on thine,
 If thou wilt deign the Favour of a Kiſs —
 Now *Nicholas* by chance roſe up to piſs;
 Thinking to better, and improve the Jeſt,
 He ſhould ſalute his Breech, before the reſt,
 With eager Haſte, and ſecret Joy he went,
 And his Poſteriors out at Window ſent.
 Here *Abfalon*, the Wag, with ſubtle Tone,
 Whiſpers, my Love! my Soul! my *Alison*!

Speak,

110 Miscellany P O E M S.

Speak, my sweet Bird, I know not where thou art -
At this the Scholar let a rousing Fart ;
So loud the Noise, as frightful was the Stroke,
As Thunder, when it splits the sturdy Oak.
The Clerk was ready, and with hearty Gust
The red-hot Iron in his Buttocks thrust.

(flew,
Straight off the Skin, like shrivell'd Parchment,
His Breech as raw as Saint *Bartholomew*.
The Culter had so sing'd his hinder Part,
He thought he should have dy'd for very Smart.
In a mad Fit about the Room he ran,
Help, Water, Water, for a dying Man.

The Carpenter, as one besides his Wits,
Starts at the dreadful Sound, and up he gets.
The Name of Water rouz'd him from his Sleep ;
He rubb'd his Eye-lids, and began to peep.
Alas ! thought he, now comes the fatal Hour,
And from the Clouds does *Noah's Deluge* pour.
Up then he sits, and without more ado,
He takes his Ax, and smites the Cord in two.
Down goes the Bread, and Ale, and Cheese, and all,
And *John* himself had a confounded Fall :
Drop'd from the Roof upon the Floor, aston'd
He lies, as dead, and swims upon dry Ground.

Then..

Miscellany P O E M S. III

Then *Nicholas*, to play the Counterfeit,
With *Alison*, cries Murder in the Street.

In came the Neighbours pouring, like the Tide,
To know the Reason why was Murder cry'd.
There they beheld poor *John*, a gasping Man;
Shut were his Eyes, his Face was pale and wan:
Batter'd his Sides, and broken was his Arm;
But stand it out he must to his own Harm.
For when he aim'd to speak in his Defence,
They bore him down, and baffled all his Sense.
They told the People that the Man was Wood,
And dream'd of nothing else, but *Noah's Flood*.
His heated Fancy of this *Deluge* rung,
That to the Roof three kneading Troughs he hung
With which in Danger he design'd to swim,
And we, forsooth, must carry on the Whim:
He begg'd, and pray'd, and so we humour'd him. }

At hearing this, the sneering Neighbours gave
An universal Shout, and hideous Laugh.
Now on the Roof, and now on *John* they gape,
And all his Earnest turn into a Jape.
He swore against the Scholar and his Wife,
And never look'd so foolish in his Life.
Whate'er he speaks, the People never mind;
His Oaths are nothing, and his Words are Wind.

Thus.

112 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

Thus all consent to scoff each serious Word,
And *John* remain'd a Cuckold on Record.

Thus Doors of Brass, and Bars of Steel, are vain,
And watchful Jealousie, and carking Pain,
Is fruitless all, when a good-natur'd Spouse
Designs Preferment for her Husband's Brows.
Thus *Alison* her Cuckold does despise,
And *Abfalon* has kiss'd her nether Eye ;
While *Nicholas* is scalded in the Breach,
My Tale is done ; God save us all, and each !



T H E



THE
FEMALE REIGN:
AN
ODE,

Alluding to
Horace, Book 4. Ode 14.
Quæ Cura Patrum, quæve Quiritium, &c.

With a Letter to a Gentleman in the University.

S I R,



HIS comes to Congratulate
You on the agreeable News
of some late extraordinary
Successes, which have bless'd
the Arms of Her Majesty,
and Her Allies. I leave you
to the printed Papers for a particular Account
of

114 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

of those Actions, which have surpriz'd the World; and, we hope, given the last Stroke to the languishing Power of the Common Enemy of Europe. They will furnish noble Topics for the Wits of an University, like yours, who can embellish (if that can be done) the Glories of a Female Reign, with a juster Sublimity of Verse, than what you will find in the following Performance, which was written several Months ago, and not run over with a hasty Negligence. The Ode, from whence I take my Hint, is accounted by some Critics not inferior to the 4th of the same Book, which begins thus;

Qualem Ministrum Fulminis Alitem, &c.

And was written in Compliment to Augustus, on occasion of a famous Victory gain'd by Tiberius, as this, which I have aim'd to imitate, was written on the Praise of Claudius Nero. I need not inform Men of your Reading and Letters what occasion'd both. The Poet, as he does in almost all his Odes, has shewn a peculiar Artfulness and Elegance, and turns all the Panegyric on the Emperor, (who was not in the Action) with, *Te Concilium, & tuos præbente Divos*. If you ask where-
 in I have trod in the Steps of Horace, you will find it in the Beginning. I have only kept him in view, and used him only where

Miscellany POEMS. 115

he was serviceable to my Design. He took the same Liberty with Alcæus, as appears from some Fragments of that Greek Lyric, quoted by Athenæus. In my Digressions and Transitions, I have taken care to play always in sight, and make every one of them contribute to my main Design. This was the Way of Pindar; to read whom, according to Rapin, will give a truer Idea of the Ode, than all the Rules and Reflections of the best Critics. I will not pretend to have div'd into him over Head and Ears; but I have endeavour'd to have made my self not the greatest Stranger to his Manner of writing; which generally consists in the Dignity of the Sentiments, and an elegant Variety, which makes the Reader rise up with greater Satisfaction than he sate down: And that which affects the Mind in Compositions of any sort, will never be disagreeable to a Gentleman of Ingenuity and Judgment. I have avoided Turns, as thinking that they debase the Loftiness of the Ode. You will easily perceive whether I have reach'd that acer Spiritus. & Vis, recommended by Horace, as the Genius of Poetry. Whether you will call the following Lines a Pindaric Ode, or Irregular Stanza's, gives me no Disturbance: For however the seeming Wildness of this sort of Verse ought to be restrain'd, the Strophe, Antistrophe, &c. will never bear in English; and it would shew a strange Debauchery

116 Miscellany POEMS.

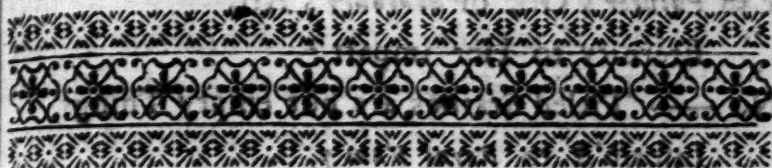
bauchery in our Taste, if it should, as may be witness'd by the servile Imitation of the Dactyles and Spondees used by Sir P. Sidney. But to make an End of this tedious Epistle: You will see through the Whole, that Her **MAJESTY** is the Chief Heroine of the Ode; and the Moral, at the End, shews the solid Glories of a Reign, which is not founded on a pretended Justice, or criminal Magnanimity.

Yours, &c.

S. COBB.



THE



THE
FEMALE REIGN:
AN
ODE.

Attempted in the Style of *Pindar*.

I.

WHAT can the *British Senate* give,
To make the Name of *ANNA* live?
By future People to be sung,
The Labour of each grateful Tongue.
Can faithful Registers, or Rhyme,
In charming Eloquence, or sprightly Wit,
The Wonders of Her Reign transmit
To th'unborn Children of succeeding Time?

Can

118 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

Can *Painter's Oil*, or *Statuary's Art*,
Eternity to Her impart?
No — Titled Statues are but empty Things,
Inscrib'd to *Royal Vanity*,
The Sacrifice of Flattery
To Lawless *Nero's*, or *Bourbonian Kings*.
True *Virtue* to her kindred Stars aspires,
Does all our Pomp of Stone and Verse surpass,
And mingling with *Ethereal Fires*,
No useless Ornament requires,
From *Speaking Colours*, or from *Breathing Brass*.

II.

Greatest of *Princes*! where the wand'ring Sun
Does o'er Earth's habitable Regions roll,
From th'*Eastern Barriers* to the *Western Goal*,
And sees Thy Race of Glory run
With Swiftnefs equal to his own.
Thee on the Banks of *Flandrian Scaldis* sings
The jocund Swain, releas'd from *Gallie Fear*:
The *English Voice* unus'd to hear,
Thee the repeating Banks, Thee ev'ry Valley rings:
The *Gaul*, untaught to bear the Flames
Of those who drink the *Maeſe* or *Thames*,

From

Miscellany POEMS. 119

From the *Britannick* Valour flies,
No longer able to withstand
The Thunderbolt launch'd by a *Female Hand*,
Or Lightning darted from Her Eyes.

III.

What treble Ruin Pious *ANNA* brings
On False *Electors*, Perjur'd Kings,
Let the *twice Fugitive Bavarian* tell ;
Who, from his *Airy Hope* of better State,
By Lust of Sway, *irregularly Great*,
Like an *Apostate Angel*, fell :
Who, by *Imperial Favour* rais'd,
I'th' highest Rank of Glory blaz'd ;
And had till now, unrivall'd, shone
More than a King, contented with his own.
But *Lucifer's* bold Steps he trod,
Who durst assault the Throne of *GOD*,
And for contented Realms of blissful Light,
Gain'd the *sad Privilege* to be
The *First* in *solid Misery*,
Monarch of *Hell*, and *Woos*, and *endless Night*.
Corruption of the Best is Worst,
And foul *Ambition*, like an evil Wind,
Blights the fair Blossoms of a noble Mind ;
And if a *Seraph* fall, He's *doubly curst*.

IV. Had

IV.

Had *Guile* and *Pride*, and *Envy* grown
 In the black Groves of *Styx* alone,
 Nor ever had on Earth the *baleful* Crop been sown;
 The Swain, *without Amaze*, had till'd
 The *Flandrian* Glebe, a guiltless Field;
 Nor had he wonder'd, when he found
 The Bones of Heroes in the Ground.
 No Crimson Streams had lately swell'd
 The *Dyle*, the *Danube*, and the *Scheld*.
 But *Evils* are of *necessary* Growth,
 To rouse the Brave, and banish Sloth.
 And some are born to win the Stars,
 By Sweat, and Blood, and *worthy* Scars.
 Heroic Virtue is by Action seen,
 And Vices serve to make it keen;
 And as *Gigantick Tyrants* rise,
NASSAU'S and *ANNA'S* leave the Skies,
 The *Earth-born Monsters* to chastise;
 While *Cerberus* and *Hydra* grow
 For an *Aleides*, or a *MARLBOROUGH*.

V.

If, Heav'nly Muse, you burn with a Desire
 To praise the Man whom all admire;

Come

Miscellany P O E M S. 121

Come from thy *Learn'd Castalian Springs*,
 And stretch aloft thy *Pegasean Wings*:
 Strike the loud *Pindaric Strings*,
 Like the Lark, who soars and sings;
 And as you sail the liquid Skies,
 Cast on (*a*) *Menapian Fields* your weeping Eyes:
 For weep they surely must,
 To see the bloody *Annual Sacrifice*;
 To think how the neglected *Dust*,
 Which, with Contempt, is basely trod,
 Was once the Limbs of Captains, Brave and Just,
 The *Mortal Part* of some Great *DEMI-GOD*;
 Who for thrice fifty Years of stubborn War,
 With slaught'ring Arms, the Gun and Sword,
 Have dug the mighty *Sepulchre*,
 And fell as Martyrs on Record,
 Of Tyranny reveng'd, and Liberty restor'd.

VI.

See, where at *Audenard*, with H-eaps of Slain,
 Th'Heroic Man, inspir'dly Brave,
 Mowing across, bestrews the Plain,
 And with new Tenants crowds the wealthy Grave.
 His Mind unshaken at the frightful Scene,
 His Looks as chearfully serene,
 The routed Battle to pursue,
 As once adorn'd the *Paphian Queen*,
 When to her *Thracian Paramour* she flew.

122 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

The gath'ring Troops He kens from far,
And, with a Bridegroom's Passion and Delight,
Courting the War, and Glowing for the Fight,
The new *Salmonius* meets the *Celtic Thunderer*.

Ah cursed Pride! Infernal Dream!

Which drove him to this wild Extream,
That *Dust* a *Deity* should seem;

Be thought, as thro' the wond'ring Streets he rode,
Th' *Immortal Man*, or *Mortal God*:

With rattling Brass, and trampling Horse,
Should counterfeit th' *Inimitable Force*

Of *Divine Thunder*: Horrid Crime!

But *Vengeance* is the *Child of Time*,

And will too surely be repay'd

On his prophane, devoted Head,

Who durst affront the Pow'rs above,

And their Eternal Flames disgrace,

Too fatal, brandish'd by the *Rightful Jov*,

Or *Pallas*, who supplies his Place.

VII.

The *British Pallas*! who, as (b) *Homer's* did

For her lov'd *Diomed*,

Her *Hero's* Mind with *Wisdom* fills,

And *Heav'nly* Courage in his Heart instills.

Hence

Miscellany P O E M S. 123

Hence thro' the thickest Squadrons does He ride,
 With *ANN A's* Angels by his Side.
 With what uncommon Speed
 He spurs his foaming, fiery Steed!
 And pushes on thro' midmost Fires,
 Where *France's Fortune* with *her Sons* retires.
 Now here, now there, the sweepy *Ruin* flies;
 (c) As when the *Pleiades* arise,
 The *Southern Wind* afflicts the Skies.
 Then, mutt'ring o'er the Deep, buffets th'*unruly Brine*,
 'Till Clouds and Water seem to join.
 Or as a *Dyke*, cut by *malicious Hands*,
 O'erflows the fertile *Netherlands*;
 Thro' the wide Yawn, th'*impetuous Sea*,
 Lavish of his *new Liberty*,
 Bestrides the Vale, and with tumultuous Noise,
 Bellows along the delug'd Plain,
 Destructive to the rip'ning Grain,
 For as th'*Horizon* he destroys:
 The weeping Shepherd, from an Hill, bewails the
 (*watry Reign*).

VIII.

So rapid flows th'*unprison'd Stream*!
 So strong the Force of *MINDELHEIM*!
 In vain the Woods of *Audenard*
 Would shield the *Gaul*, a fenceless Guard.

124 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

As soon may Whirl-winds be with-held,
As his Passage o'er the *Scheld*.

In vain the Torrent would oppose,
In vain *arm'd* Banks, and num'rous Foes,
Who with inglorious haste retire,
Fly faster than the River flows,

And swifter than our Fire.

Vendosme from far upbraids their nimble Shame,
And pleads his *Royal Master's* Fame.

By *Conde's* mighty Ghost, he cries,

By *Turenne*, *Luxemburg*, and all

Those noble Souls, who fell a Sacrifice

At (*d*) *Lens*, at *Fleurus*, and at *Landen* Fight,

Stop, I conjure, your ignominious Flight:

But *Fear* is deaf to *Honour's* Call.

Each frowning Threat and soothing Prayer

Is lost in the regardless Air.

As well he may

The Billows of the Ocean stay,

While *CHURCHILL*, like a driving Wind,

Or *high Spring-Tide*, pursues behind,

And with redoubled Speed urges their forward Way

IX.

Nor less, *Eugenius*, thy important Care,

Thou Second Thunderbolt of War!

Miscellany P O E M S. 125

Partner in Danger and in Fame,
 With *Marlborough's* the Winds shall bear
 To distant Colonies thy conqu'ring Name.
 Nor shall the Muse forget to sing,
 From Harmony what Blessings spring :
 To tell how Death did *enviously* repine,
 To see a *Friendship* so divine ;
 When in a Ball's destroying Shape she past,
 And mark'd Thy threaten'd Brow at last :
 But durst not touch that Sacred Brain,
 Where the Concerns of *Europe* reign ;
 For straight she bow'd her ghastly Head ;
 She saw the Mark of *Heav'n*, and fled.
 As cruel *Brennus* once, *insulting Gaul*,
 When he, at *Allia's* fatal Flood,
 Had fill'd the Plains with Roman Blood,
 With *conscious* Awe forsook the Capitol,
 Where *Jove*, Revenger of Prophaneness, stood.

X.

But where the Good and Brave command,
 What Capitol, what Castle can withstand ?
 Virtue, as well as Gold, can pass
 Thro' Walls of Stone, and Tow'rs of Brass.
LISLE, like a Mistress, had been courted long,
 And always yielded to the Bold and Young ;

126 Miscellany P O E M S.

The fairest *Progeny* of *Vauban's* Art,
 'Till *Savoy's* warlike Prince withstood
 Her frowning Thunders, and thro' Seas of Blood
 Tore the bright Darling from th'old Tyrant's Heart.
 Such (e) *Buda* saw Him, when proud (f) *Apti* fell,
Unhappy, Valiant Infidel!
 Who, vanquish'd by superior Strength,
 Surrender'd up his haughty Breath,
 Upon the *Breach* measuring his manly Length,
 And shun'd the *Bow-string* by a nobler Death.

XI.

Such (g) *Harscham's* Field beheld Him in his Bloom,
 When *Victory* bespoke Him for her own,
 Her Favourite, Immortal Son,
 And told of better Years revolving on the Loom:
 How He should make the *Turkish Crescent* wane,
 And choak (h) *Tibiscus* with the Slain;
 While *Viziers* lay beneath the lofty Pile
 Of slaughter'd *Bassaws*, who o'er *Bassaws* roll'd,
 And all his num'rous Acts the told,
 From *Latian Corpi* down to *Flandrian L I S L E*.
 Where ev'ry Day new Conquests should produce,
 Labour for Envy, and a Muse:
 Where, with her rattling Trumpet's Sound,
 Fame should shake the Hills around;

Should

Miscellany P O E M S. 127

Should tell how *WEBB*, nigh woody *Wynendale*,
Argu'd each Inch of the *important* Ground.

So much in *Virtue's* Scale,
True Valour Numbers can out-do,
And *Thousands* are but *Cyphers* to a Few.

XII.

Honour with open Arms receives at last
The Heroes, who thro' *Virtue's* Temple past;
And show'rs down Lawrels from above
On those whom Heav'n and *ANNA* love.
And some, not sparingly, she throws
For the young *Eagles*, who could try
The Faith and Judgment of the Sky,
And dare the Sun with steady Eye,
For *Hanover's* and *Prussia's* Brows,
Eugenes in bloom, and future *Marlboroughs*.
To *Hanover*, *Brunswigo's* Second Grace,
Descendant from a long *Imperial* Race,
The Muse directs an unaffected Flight,
And prophecies, from so serene a Morn,
To what clear Glories He is born,
When blazing with a full *Meridian* Light,
He shall the *British* Hemisphere adorn:

128 Miscellany P O E M S.

When *Mars* shall lay his batter'd Target down,
 And He, (since Death will never spare
 The Good, the Pious, and the Fair)
 In his ripe *Harvest* of Renown.
 Shall after his *Great Father* sit,
 (If Heav'n so long a Life permit)
 And having swell'd the flowing Tide
 Of Fame, which he in Arms shall get,
 The Purchase of an honest Sweet,
 Shall safe in stormy Seas *Britannia's Vessel* guide.

XIII.

Britannia's Vessel, which, in *ANNA's* Reign,
 And prudent *Piloy*, enjoys
 The Tempest, which the World destroys,
 And rides triumphant o'er the subject Main,
 O may She soon a quiet Harbour gain!
 And sure the promis'd Hour is come,
 When in soft Notes the peaceful *Lyre*
 Shall still the Trumpet and the Drum,
 Shall play what Gods and Men desire,
 And strike *Bellona's* Musick dumb.
 When War, by Parents curs'd, shall quit the Field,
 Unbuckle his bright Helmet, and to rest
 His weary Limbs, sit on his idle Shield,
 With Scars of Honour plow'd upon his Breast.

But

Miscellany P O E M S. 129

But if the *Gallie Pharoah's* stubborn Heart
Grows fresh for Punishment, and hardens still,
Prepar'd for th'*irrecoverable ill*.

(Part :
And force th'*Unwilling* Skies to act the last *Ungrateful*
Thy Forces, *ANNA*, like a Flood, shall whelm
(If Heav'n does *Scepter'd Innocence* maintain)

His famish'd, desolated Realm ;
And all the Sons of *Pharamond* in vain
(Who with *dishonest* Envy see
The sweet forbidden Fruits of *distant* Liberty)
Shall curse their rigid *Salic Law*, and wish a *Female*
(*Reign*.

XIV.

A *FEMALE REIGN*, like Thine,
O *ANNA*, *British* Heroine !
To Thee afflicted Empires fly for Aid,
Where'er Tyrannic Standards are display'd,
From the wrong'd *Iber* to the threaten'd *Rhine*;
Thee, where the *Golden-sanded Tagus* flows,
Beneath fair (i) *Ulyssippo's* Walls,
The frighted *Lusitanian* calls :
Thee, they who drink the *Sein*, with those
Who plow *Iberian* Fields, implore,
To give the lab'ring World Repose,
And *Universal Peace* restore.

130 Miscellaneous POEMS.

Thee, *Gallia*, mournful to survive the Fate
 Of her fall'n Grandeur, and departed State,
 By sad Experience taught to own,
 That *Virtue* is a safer Way to rise,
 A shorter Passage to the Skies,
 Than *Pelion* upon *Ossa* thrown :
 For they who by deny'd Attempts presume
 To reach the *Starry Thrones*, become
 Sure Food for Thunder, and condemn'd to howl
 In (k) *Aetna*, or in (l) *Arima* to roll,
 By an inevitable Doom,
 Gain but an higher Fall, a *Mountain* for their Tomb.

(a) The *Menapii* were the ancient Inhabitants of *Flanders*.

(b) *Homer* in his Fifth *Iliad*, because the Hero of that Book is to do Wonders beyond the Power of Man, premises in the Beginning, that *Pallas* had peculiarly fitted him for that Day's Exploits.

(c) *Indomitas prope qualis undas*
Exercet Auster, Pleisium Choro
Scindente Nubes, impiger Hostium
Vexare Turmas, & fremantem
Mittere Equum medios per Ignem.
Sic tauriformis volvitur Ausidus,
Qui Regna Daunii praestitit Appuli,
Cum saevit, horrendamque cultis
Diluvium meditatur Agris.

(d) Near this Place the Prince of *Comde* gave the *Spaniards* a very great Overthrow, 1648.

() He

Miscellany P O E M S. 131

(e) He bore a considerable Share in the Glory of that Day on which *Buda* was taken.

(f) He was *Bassaw* of the City, and lost his Life on the Breach.

Vicem gerit illa Tonantis.

(g) This was the fatal Battle to the *Turks* in the Year 1687. Prince *Eugene* with the Regiments of his Brigade was the first who enter'd the Trenches, and for that Reason had the Honour to be the first Messenger of this happy News to the Emperor.

(h) This Battle was fought on the 10th of October, 1697, where Prince *Eugene* commanded in Chief; in which there never happen'd so great and so terrible a Destruction to the *Ottoman* Army, which fell upon the principal Commanders more than the common Soldiers; for no less than Fifteen *Bassaws* (Five of which had been *Viziers* of the Bench) were kill'd, besides the Supream *Vizier*.

(i) The old Name of *Lisbon*, said to be built by *Ulysses*.

(k) (l) Two Mountains where *Jupiter* lodg'd the Giants.



AN



A N

ALLUSION

To the BISHOP of
CAMBRAY's
Supplement of *Homer*.

Written in the Year 1707.

By the late Duke of *Devonshire*.

(write,
CAMBRAY! whilst of Seraphic Love You
The noblest Image in the clearest Light!
A Love, by no Self-Interest debas'd,
But on th'Almighty's high Perfection plac'd!

A Love,

Miscellany P O E M S. 133

A Love, in which true Piety consists,
 That soars to Heav'n without the Help of Priests!
 Let partial *Rome* the great Attempt oppose,
 Support the Cheat from whence her Income flows.
 Her Censures may condemn, but not confute,
 If best your elevated Notions suit
 With what to Reason seems th'Almighty's Due:
 They have, at least, an Air of being true.
 And what can animated Clay produce,
 Beyond a Guess, in Matters so abstruse?
 But when, descending from th'Imperial Height,
 You stoop of Sublunary Things to treat,
MINERVA seems the Moral to dispense:
 How great the Subject, how sublime the Sense!
 Not the *Aonian Bard* with such a Flame
 E'er sung of ruling Arts; your lofty Theme
 In your *TELEMACHUS*, his Hero's Son,
 We see the great Original outdone.
 There is in Virtue sure a hidden Charm,
 To force Esteem, and Envy to disarm:
 Else in a flatt'ring Court you ne'er had been design'd
 T'instruct the future Troublers of Mankind.
 Happy your native Soil, at least by Nature so,
 In none her Treasures more profusely flow:
 (Plain,
 The Hills adorn'd with Vines, with Flow'rs the
 Without the Sun's too near Approach serene:

But

134 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

But Heav'n in vain does on the Vineyards smile,
 The Monarch's Glory mocks the Lab'rer's Toil.
 What tho' elab'rate Brass with Nature strive,
 And proud *Equestrian* Figures seem alive,
 With various Terrors on their Basis wrought,
 With yielding Citadels, surpriz'd or bought?
 And here the Ruins of a taken Town,
 There a bombarded Steeple tumbling down:
 Such Prodiges of Art, or costly Pains,
 Serve but to gild th'unthinking Rabble's Chains.
 O despicable State of All that groan
 Under a blind Dependency, on One!
 How far inferior to the Herds that range,
 With native Freedom, o'er the Woods and Plains!
 With them no Fallacies of Schools prevail;
 Nor of a Right Divine the nauseous Tale
 Can give to one among themselves the Power,
 Without Controul, his Fellows to devour.
 To Reasoning Humane Kind alone belong
 The Arts to hurt themselves by reasoning wrong.
 Howe'er the foolish Notion first began,
 Of trusting *Absolute* to lawless Man:
 Howe'er a Tyrant may by Force subsist;
 For who would be a Slave that can resist?
 Those set the Casuist safest on the Throne,
 Who make the People's Int'rest their own;

And

Miscellany POEMS. 135

And chusing rather to be lov'd than fear'd,
Are Kings of Men, not of a servile Herd.
O Liberty ! too late desired, when lost,
Like Health, when wanted, thou art valu'd most !
In Regions where no Property is known,
Thro' which the *Garone* runs and rapid *Rhone*,
Where Peasants toil for Harvest not their own ;
How gladly would they quit their native Soil,
And change for Liberty their Wine and Oil !
As Wretches chain'd and lab'ring at the Oar,
In sight of *Italy's* delightful Shore,
Reflect on their unhappy Fate the more :
Thy Laws have still their Force. Above the rest
Of *Gothic* Kingdoms, happy *Albion*, blest !
Long since their ancient Freedom they have lost,
And servilely of their Subjection boast.
Thy better Fate the vain Attempts resists
Of faithless Monarchs, and designing Priests ;
Unshaken yet the Government subsists.
While Streams of Blood the Continent o'erflow,
Redd'ning the *Maeße*, the *Danube*, and the *Po* ;
Thy *Thames*, auspicious Ille ! her Thunder sends,
To crush thy Foes, and to relieve her Friends.
Say Muse, (since no Surprise, or foreign Stroke,
Can hurt her, guarded by her Walls of Oak,
Since wholsom Laws her Liberty transfer
To future Ages) what can *Albion* fear ?

Can

136 *Miscellany Poems.*

Can she the dear-bought Treasure throw away?
 Have *Universities* so great a Sway?
 The Muse is silent, cautious to reflect
 On Mansions where the Muses keep their Seat.
 Barren of Thought, and niggardly of Rhyme,
 My creeping Numbers she forbids to climb:
 Vent'ring too far, my weary Genius fails,
 And o'er my drooping Senses Sleep prevails.
 An antic Pile, near *Thames's* silver Stream,
 Was the first Object of my airy Dream;
 In ancient Times a consecrated Fane,
 But since apply'd to Uses more prophane;
 Fill'd with a popular debating Throng,
 Oft in the right, and oftner in the wrong;
 Of Good and Bad the variable Test,
 Where the Religion that is voted best
 Is still inclin'd to persecute the rest.
 On the high Fabrick stood a Monster fell,
 Of hideous Form, second to none in Hell.
 The Fury, to be more abhorr'd and fear'd,
 Her Teeth and Jaws with Clods of Gore besmear'd,
 Her particolour'd Robe obscenely stain'd
 With pious Murthers, Freeman rack'd and chain'd,
 With the implacable and brutish Rage
 Of fierce Dragoons, sparing no Sex nor Age;

With

With all the horrid Instruments of Death,
 Of tort'ring Innocents t'improve their Faith,
 Clouding the Roof with their infectious Breath. }
 Thus she began: " Are then my Labours vain,
 " That to the Pow'rs of *France* have added *Spain*?
 " Vain my Attempts to make that Empire great:
 " And shall a Woman my Designs defeat,
 " Baffle th'Infernal Projects I've begun,
 " And break the Measures of my fav'rite Son?
 " Though far unlike the Herces of her Race,
 (place;
 " That made their Humours of their Laws take
 " And, slighting Coronation Oaths, disdain'd
 " Their high Prerogative should be restrain'd.
 " Though her own Isle is blest with Liberty,
 " Has she a Right to set all *Europe* free?
 " Under this Roof, with Management, I may
 " The Progress of her Arms at least delay;
 " From a contagious Vapour I will blow,
 " Within these Walls Breaches shall wider grow:
 " Here let imaginary Fears prevail,
 " And give a Colour to affected Zeal.
 " From trivial Bills let warm Debate arise,
 " Foment Sedition, and retard Supplies.
 " If once my treach'rous Arts, and watchful Care,
 " Break the Confed'racy, and end the War,
 " Ador'd,

138 Miscellany P O E M S.

" Ador'd, in Hell I may in Triumph sit,

" And *Europe* to one Potentate submit.

Waking at so detestable a Sound,
Which would all Order and all Peace confound,
I cry'd, Infernal Hag! be ever dumb;
Thee, with her Arms, let *ANNA* overcome.
Here *ANNA* reigns, a Queen by Heav'n bestow'd,
To right the Injur'd, and subdue the Proud.
As *Rome* of old gave Liberty to *Greece*,
ANNA th'invaded sinking Empire frees.
Th'Allies her Faith, her Pow'r the *French* proclaim,
Her Piety th'Oppress'd, the World her Fame.
At *ANNA*'s Name, dejected, pale, and scar'd,
The execrable Phantom disappear'd.



Erle



Erle Robert's MICE.

A

T A L E.

By Mr. PRIOR.

TWAY Mice, full blythe and amicable,
Batten beside Erle ROBERT's Table.

Lies there ne Trap their Necks to catch,

Ne old black Cat their Steps to watch.

Their Fill they eat of Fowl and Fish;

Feast lyche as Heart of Mouſe mought with.

As Gheſts ſat jovial at the Board,

Forth leap'd our Mice: Eftſoons the Lord

Of

140 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

OF BOLING, whilome JOHN the SAINT,
 Who maketh oft Propos full queint,
 Laugh'd jocund, and aloud he cry'd
 To MATTHEW seated on t'oth' Side:
 To Thee, lean Bard, it doth partayne
 To understand these Creatures twayne.
 Come frame us now some clean Device,
 Or pleasant Rhyme on yonder Mice.
 They seem, God shield me, MAT and CHARLES.
 Bad as Sir Topaz, or 'Squire Quarles,
 (MATTHEW did for the nonce reply)
 At Emblem or Device am I.
 But could I chaunt or rhyme, pardie,
 Clear as Dan Chaucer, or as Thee,
 Ne Verse from me, so God me thrive,
 On Mouse, or other Beast alive.
 Certes, I have these many Days
 Sent myne Poetic Herd to graze.
 Ne armed Knight ydrad in War,
 With Lyon fierce will I compare.
 Ne Judge unjust, with furred Fox,
 Harming in secret Guise the Flocks.
 Ne Priest unworthy Godis Coar,
 To Swine ydrunk, or filchy Stoat.

Elk

Miscellany P O E M S. 141

Elk Simile farewell for aye,
From Elephant I trow to Flea.

Reply'd the friendlike Peer, I weene,
MATTHEW is angred on the Spleen.
Ne so, quoth MATT. ne shall be er'e,
With Wit that falleth all so fair.
Efsoons, well weet ye, myne Intent
Boweth to your Commaundement.
If by these Creatures ye have seen,
Purtrayed CHARLES and MATTHEW been;
Behoveth neet to wreck my Brain,
The rest in Order to explain.

That Cupboard, where the Mice disport,
I liken to * St. STEPHEN's Court :
Therein is Space enough, I trow,
For elke Comrade to come and goe :
And therein eke may both be fed,
With Shiver of the Wheaten Bread.
And whenas these myne Eyes survey,
They cease to skip, and squeak and play ;
Return they may to different Cells,
Auditing one, whilst t'other Tells.

* Exchequer.

142 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

Dear ROBERT, quoth the *SAINT*, whose Mind
 In bounteous Deed no Mean can bind;
 Now as I hope to grow devout,
 I deem this Matter well made out.
 Laugh I, whilst thus I serious pray,
 Let that be wrought which *MATT.* doth say:
 Yea, quoth the *ERLE*, but not to day.





SUSANNAH

AND

The Two ELDERS.

By the same.

(rayne,
FAIR SUSAN did her Wifeshood well main-
Algates assaulted fore by Leachers twayne.

Now, an' I read aryghte that auncient Song,
The Paramours were Olde, the Dame was Yong.

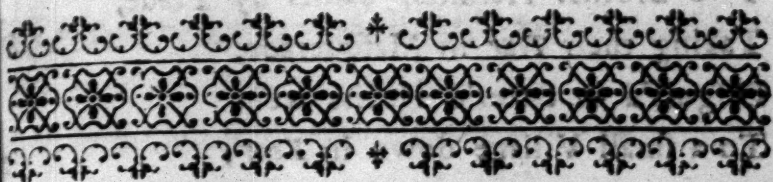
Had thilke same Tale in other guise been told,
Had they been Yong, (pardie) and she been Olde,
Sweet Jesu! that had been much forer Tryale;
Full marvailous, I wot, were such Denyale!

> The

*The S A M E, attempted in a
Modern Stile.*

W H E N Fair *SUSANNAH* in a cool Re-
Of shady Arbours shun'd the sultry Heat,
Two wanton Lechers to her Garden came,
And, rushing furious, seiz'd the trembling Dame.
What Female Strength could do, her Arms perform,
And guarded well the Fort they strove to storm.
The Story's ancient, and (if rightly told)
Young was the Lady, but the Lovers Old.

Had the Reverse been true, had Authors sung,
How that the Dame was Old, the Lovers Young.
If She had then the blooming Pair deny'd,
With tempting Youth and Vigour on their Side,
Lord! How the Story would have shock'd my
For that had been a Miracle indeed.



BAUCIS

AND

PHILEMON.

Imitated from the 8th Book of *Ovid*.

By JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

IN ancient Times, as Story tells,
The Saints would often leave their Cells,
And strole about, but hide their Quality,
To try good People's Hospitality.

It happen'd on a Winter Night,
As Authors of the Legend write;

G

Two

146 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

Two Brother Hermits, Saints by Trade,
Taking their *Tour* in Masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd Habits went
To a small Village down in *Kent*;
Where, in the Strolers canting Strain,
They begg'd from Door to Door in vain,
Try'd ev'ry Tone might Pity win,
But not a Soul would let 'em in.

Our wand'ring Saints in woful State,
Treated at this ungodly Rate,
Having thro' all the Village pass'd,
To a small Cottage came at last;
Where dwelt a good old honest Yeoman,
Call'd in the Neighbourhood, *PHILEMON*.
Who kindly did the Saints invite
In his poor Hutt to pass the Night;
And then the Hospitable Sire
Bid *Goody Baucis* mend the Fire;
While He from out of Chimney took
A Fitch of Bacon off the Hook,
And freely from the fattest Side
Cut out large Slices to be fry'd;
Then step'd aside to fetch them Drink,
Fill'd a large Jug up to the Brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful) they found,

Miscellany P O E M S. 147

'Twas still replenish'd to the Top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a Drop.
The good old Couple was amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighted to the Heart,
And just began to cry; — What art!
Then softly turn'd aside to view,
Whether the Lights were burning blue.
The gentle *Pilgrims* soon aware on't,
Told 'em their Calling and their Errant:
Good Folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but *Saints*; the *Hermits* said;
No Hurt shall come to You, or Yours;
But, for that Pack of churlish Boors,
Not fit to live on Christian Ground,
They and their Houses shall be drown'd;
Whilst you shall see your Cottage rise,
And grow a Church before your Eyes.

They scarce had spoke; when, fair and soft,
The Roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose ev'ry Beam and Rafter,
The heavy Wall climb'd slowly after.

The Chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a Steeple with a Spire.

148 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

The Kettle to the Top was hoist,
 And there stood fasten'd to a Joist;
 But with the Upside down, to shew
 Its Inclination for below:
 In vain; for a superior Force,
 Apply'd at Bottom, stops its Course,
 Doom'd ever in Suspence to dwell;
 'Tis now no Kettle, but a Bell.
 A wooden Jack, which had almost
 Lost, by Disuse, the Art to roast,
 A sudden Alteration feels,
 Increas'd by new intestine Wheels;
 And, what exalts the Wonder more,
 The Number made the Motion slow'r:
 The Flyer, tho't had leaden Feet,
 Turn'd round so quick you scarce could see't;
 But slacken'd by some secret Pow'r,
 Now hardly moves an Inch an Hour.
 The Jack and Chimney near ally'd,
 Had never left each other's Side;
 The Chimney to a Steeple grown,
 The Jack would not be left alone;
 But up against the Steeple rear'd,
 Became a Clock, and still adher'd:
 And still its Love to Household Cares,
 By a shrill Voice, at Noon declares,

Warn-

Miscellany P O E M S. 149

Warning the Cook-Maid not to burn
That Roast-meat which it cannot turn.

The Groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge Snail, along the Wall;
There stuck aloft, in publick View,
And, with small Change, a Pulpit grew.

The Porringers, that in a Row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring Show,
To a less noble Substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern Buckets rang'd.

The Ballads pasted on the Wall,
Of *Joan of France*, and *English Moll*,
Fair Rosamond, and *Robin Hood*,
The *Little Children in the Wood*;
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in Picture, Size, and Letter;
And, high in Order plac'd, describe
The Heraldry of ev'ry Tribe.

A Bedstead of the antique Mode,
Compact of Timber many a Load,
Such as our Ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into Pews;
Which still their ancient Nature keep,
By lodging Folks dispos'd to sleep.

150 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

The Cottage, by such Feats as these,
Grown to a Church by just Degrees;
The Hermits then desir'd their Host,
To ask for what he fancy'd most.

PHILEMON, having paus'd a while,
Return'd 'em Thanks in homely Style:
Then said; my House is grown so fine,
Methinks, I still would call it mine;
I'm old, and fain would live at Ease,
Make me the *Parson*, if you please.

He spoke, and presently he feels
His Grazier's Coat fall down his Heels:
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each Arm a Pudding-sleeve:
His Waistcoat to a Cassock grew,
And both assum'd a sable Hue;
But being old, continu'd just
As Thread-bare and as full of Dust.
His Talk was now of *Tyther* and *Dues*,
Could smoak his Pipe, and read the News;
Knew how to preach old Sermons next,
Vampt in the Preface and the Text;
At Christnings well could act his Part,
And had the Service all by Heart;
Wish'd Women might have Children fast,
And thought whose Sow had farrow'd last;

Miscellany P O E M S. 151

Against *Dissenters* would repine,
And stood up firm for *Right Divine*;
Found his Head fill'd with many a *System*,
But *Classic Authors* — he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a *Parson*,
Dame *Baucis* next they play'd their Farce on:
Instead of *Home-spun Coifs*, were seen
Good *Pinner*s edg'd with *Colberteen*;
Her *Petticoat* transform'd apace,
Became black *Sattin*, flounc'd with *Lace*.
Plain *Goody* would no longer down,
'Twas *Madam*, in her *Grogam Gown*.
PHILEMON was in great *Surprize*,
And hardly could believe his *Eyes*,
Amaz'd to see her look so *prim*,
And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy, in their *Change of Life*,
Were several Years this *Man and Wife*;
When on a Day, which prov'd their last,
Discoursing on old *Stories past*,
They went by chance, amidst their *Talk*,
To the *Church-yard* to take a *Walk*;
When *BAUCIS* hastily cry'd out,
My Dear, I see your *Forehead sprout*.

152 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

Sprout, quoth the Man, What's this you tell us?
 I hope you don't believe me jealous:
 But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
 And truly, Yours is budding too —
 Nay, — now I cannot stir my Foot;
 It feels, as if 'twere taking Root —

Description would but tire my Muse:
 In short, they both were turn'd to Yew.
 Old Goodman Dobson of the Green
 Remembers, he the Trees has seen;
 He'll talk of them from Noon till Night,
 And goes with Folks to shew the Sight.
 On *Sundays*, after Ev'ning Pray'r,
 He gathers all the Parish there,
 Points out the Place of either Yew;
 Here *BAUCIS*, there *PHILEMON* grew:
 'Till once a Parson of our Town,
 To mend his Barn, cut *BAUCIS* down:
 At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd,
 How much the other Tree was griev'd,
 Grew scrubby, died a-top, was stunted;
 So the next Parson stub'd and burnt it.

A N



AN
ESSAY
ON
POETRY,

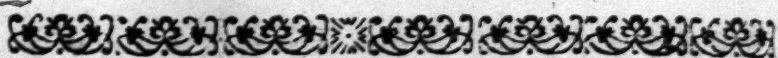
By his GRACE

J O H N,

Duke of Buckinghamshire, &c.

In English and Latin.



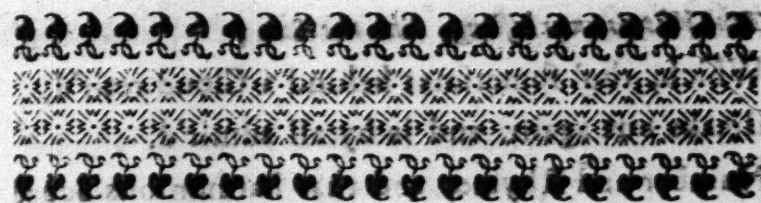


On the following E S S A Y :

By Mr. W E L S T E D.

HERE the Young Muse instructed how to sing,
 Forms for the distant Flight her tender Wing;
 As in a Mirror, here, delights to view,
 What Ornaments are false, and what are true:
 Here ev'ry shining Grace and Virtue sees,
 And learns with Pain, and reaches by degrees.
 So when bright *Buckingham* her Charms displays,
 And Envy's self is tortur'd into Praise;
 There meaner Beauties fix their Eyes alone,
 And by her Dress and Mien design their own.
 All see Perfection in *Zelinda's* Air,
 Copy her Form, and practice to be Fair.
 Her Grace of Shape and Motion still they view,
 While she expresses still some Grace that's new.
 Each Nymph by faint Resemblance aims to please:
 This slides into her Step, that gains her Ease;
 Some her fine Feature, some assume her Pride:
 All steal *Zelinda*, and her Charms divide.

A N



AN
ESSAY
ON
POETRY.

OF Things in which Mankind does most excel,
Nature's chief Master-piece is *Writing well*;
And of all Sorts of Writing, none there are
That can the least with *Poetry* compare :
No kind of Work requires so nice a Touch ;
And if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.
But Heav'n forbid we should be so profane,
To grace the *Vulgar* with that sacred Name.
'Tis not a Flash of *Fancy*, which sometimes,
Dazling our Minds, sets off the slightest Rhymes ;

Bright

156 Miscellany P O E M S.

Bright as a Blaze, but in a Moment done ;
True Wit is everlasting, like the Sun ;
 Which, tho' sometimes behind a Cloud retir'd,
 Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
 Number and Rhyme, and that harmonious Sound
 Which never does the Ear with *Harshness* wound,
 Are necessary, yet but *vulgar Arts* ;
 For all in vain these superficial Parts
 Contribute to the Structure of the whole,
 Without a *Genius* too, for that's the *Soul* :
 A *Spirit* which inspires the Work throughout,
 As that of *Nature* moves the World about :
 A *Heat* which glows in ev'ry Word that's writ ;
 'Tis something of *divine*, and more than *Wit* ;
 It self unseen, yet all Things by it shown,
 Describing all Men, but describ'd by none.
 Where dost thou dwell ? What Caverns of the Brain
 Can such a vast and mighty Thing contain ?
 When I, at idle Hours, in vain thy Absence mourn,
 O where dost thou retire ! And why dost thou return
 Sometimes with pow'rful Charms to hurry me away
 From *Pleasures* of the Night, and *Bus'ness* of the Day ?
 E'en now too far transported, I am fain
 To check thy Course, and use the needful Rein.
 As all is *Dulness*, when the Fancy's bad ;
 So without *Judgment*, Fancy is but mad ;

And

And Judgment has a boundless Influence,
Not only in the Choice of *Words* or *Sense*,
But on the *World*, on *Manners*, and on *Men*:
Fancy is but the *Feather* of the *Pen*.
Reason is that substantial useful Part,
Which gains the *Head*, while t'other wins the *Heart*.

Here I should all the various Sorts of Verse,
And the whole *Art* of *Poetry* rehearse:
But who that Task can after *Horace* do?
The best of *Musters*, and *Examples* too!
Echoes at best; all we can say is vain,
Dull the Design, and fruitless were the Pain.
'Tis true, the *Ancients* we may rob with Ease;
But who with that sad Shift himself can please?
Without an *Actor's* Pride, a *Player's* Art
Is above his who writes a *barrow'd* Part.
Yet *modern* Laws are made for *later* Faults,
And new *Absurdities* inspire new *Thoughts*.
What need has *Satyr* then to live on *Theft*,
When so much *fresh* Occasion still is left?
Fertile our Soil, and full of rankest Weeds,
And Monsters worse than ever *Nilus* breeds.
But hold, the *Fools* shall have no Cause to fear;
'Tis *Wit* and *Sense* that is the Subject here.
Defects of witty Men deserve a Cure,
And those who are so, will e'en this endure.

158 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

S O N G S.

First then of *Songs*, which now so much abound,
 Without his *Song* no *Fop* is to be found;
 A most offensive *Weapon*, which he draws
 On all he meets, against *Apollo's* *Laws*.
 Tho' nothing seems more easy, yet no Part
 Of *Poetry* requires a *nicer* Art;
 For as in Rows of *richest* *Pearl* there lies
 Many a *Blemish* that escapes our *Eyes*,
 The least of which *Defects* is plainly shown
 In some *small* *Ring*, and brings the *Value* down.
 So *Songs* should be to just *Perfection* wrought;
 Yet where can we see one without a *Fault*?
 Exact *Propriety* of Words and *Thought*,
 Expression easy, and the *Fancy* high;
 Yet that not seem to *creep*, nor *this* to *fly*;
 No Words *transpos'd*, but in such *Order* all,
 As, tho' *hard* wrought, may seem by *Chance* to *fall*.
 Here, as in all *Things* else, is most unfit
 Bare *Ribaldry*, that poor *Pretence* to *Wit*.
 Such *nauseous* *Songs*, by a late *Author* made,
 Call an *unwilling* *Censure* on his *Shade*.
 Not that warm *Thoughts* of the transporting *Joy*,
 Can shock the *Chastest*, or the *Nicest* *eye*;
 But *obscene* Words, too gross to move *Desire*,
 Like *Heaps* of *Fuel*, do but *chook* the *Fire*.
 On other *Themes* he well deserves our *Praise*,
 But *pass* that *Appetite* he meant to *raise*.

E L E-

Miscellany P O E M S. 159

E L E G Y.

Next Elegy, of *sweet*, but *solemn* Voice,
And of a *Subject* grave, exacts the Choice;
The Praise of *Beauty*, *Valour*, *Wis* contains;
And there too, oft despairing Love complains.
In vain alas ! for who by *Wis* is mov'd?
That *Phoenix* she deserves to be belov'd.
But *noisy Nonsense*, and such Fops as vex
Mankind, take most with that *fantastick* Sex.
This to the Praise of those who better knew,
The *many* raise the Value of the *few*.
But here, as all our Sex too oft have try'd,
Wom:n have drawn my wand'ring Thoughts aside.
Their greatest Fault, who in this kind have writ,
Is not Defect in Words, nor Want of Wit;
But should this Muse harmonious Numbers yield,
And ev'ry Couplet be with Fancy fill'd,
If yet a just *Coherence* be not made
Between each Thought, and the whole *Model* laid
So *right*, that ev'ry *Step* may *higher* rise,
Like goodly Mountains, till they reach the *Skies*.
Trifles like such perhaps of late have past,
And may be lik'd awhile, but never last.
'Tis *Epigram*, 'tis *Point*, 'tis what you will;
But not an *Elegy*, nor writ with *Skill*;
No * *Panegyrick*, nor a † *Cooper's Hill*.

* *Waller's*. † *Denham's*.

160 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

O D E S.

A higher Flight, and of a happier Force,
Are * *Odes*, the Muses most unruly Horse,
That bounds so fierce, the Rider has no Rest,
But foams at Mouth, and moves like one *possess*.
The Poet here must be indeed inspir'd,
With *Fury* too, as well as *Fancy* fir'd.
Cowley might boast to have perform'd this Part,
Had he with *Nature* join'd the Rules of *Art*;
But ill *Expression* gives sometimes *Allay*,
To that rich *Fancy*, which can ne'er decay.
Tho' all appear in Heat and Fury done,
The *Language* still must *soft* and *easy* run.
These Laws may seem a little too severe;
But *Judgment* yields, and *Fancy* governs there;
Which, tho' extravagant, this *Muse* allows,
And makes the *Work* much easier than it shows.

S A T I R E.

Of all the Ways that wisest Men could find,
To mend the Age, and mortify Mankind,
Satire well writ has most successful prov'd,
And cures, because the Remedy is lov'd.
'Tis hard to write on such a Subject more,
Without repeating Things said oft before.
Some vulgar Errors only we remove,
That stain a Beauty which so much we love.

* Pindarick Odes.

Miscellany POEMS. 161

Of well *chose* Words some take not Care enough,
And think they should be, as the Subject, *rough*.
This great Work must be more exactly made,
And *sharpest* Thoughts in *smoothest* Words convey'd.
Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only Bus'ness was to rail:
But humane Frailty nicely to unfold,
Distinguishes a Satyr from a Scold.
Rage you must hide, and Prejudice lay down;
A Satyr's Smile is sharper than his Frown:
So, while you seem to *sight* some Rival Youth,
Malice it self may sometimes pass for Truth:
The * *Laureat* here may justly claim our Praise,
Crown'd † by *Mac-Fleckno* with immortal Bays;
Tho' *prais'd* and *punish'd* for another's || Rhymes,
His own deserve as great Applause sometimes.
But once his *Pegasus* has born *dead Weight*,
Rid by some *lumpish* Minister of State.
Here rest, my *Muse*, suspend my Cares awhile,
A greater Enterprize attends thy Toil;
And as some *Eagle*, that designs to fly
A long *unwanted* Journey thro' the Sky,

* Mr. Dryden.

† A famous Satyrical Poem of his.

|| A Libel for which he was both applauded and wounded, tho' entirely innocent of the whole Matter.

162 *Miscellany Poems* Ms.

Considers all the dangerous Way before,
Over what Lands and Seas she is to soar;
Doubts her own Strength so far, and justly fears
That lofty Road of airy Travellers:
But yet incited by some fair Design,
That does her Hopes beyond her Fears incline,
Prunes ev'ry Feather, views her self with Care,
At last resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding Air.
Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,
She lessens to us, and is lost at last.

So (but too weak for such a weighty Thing)
 The Muse inspires a sharper Note to sing:
 And why should Truth offend, when only told
 To guide the *Ignorant*, and warn the *Bold*?
 On then, my Muse, advent'rously engage
 To give Instructions that concern the Stage.

PLAYS.

The *Unities* of Action, Time, and Place,
 Which, if observ'd, give Plays so great a Grace,
 Are, tho' but little practis'd, too well known
 To be taught here, where we pretend alone
 From *nicer* Faults to purge the present Age,
 Less obvious Errors of the *English* Stage.

First then, Soliloquies had need be few,
 Extremely short, and spoke in *Passion* too;

Miscellany POEMS. 163

Our Lovers talking to themselves, for Want
Of others, make the *Pit* their *Confidant* :
Nor is the Matter mended yet, if thus
They trust a Friend, only to tell it us.
Th'Occasion should as *naturally* fall,
As when * *B. Horio* confesses all.

Figures of Speech, which Poets think so fine,
Art's needless Varnish to make Nature shine,
Are all but Paint upon a beauteous Face,
And in Description only claim a Place.
But to make *Rage* declaim, and *Grief* discourse,
From Lovers in Despair fine Things to force,
Must needs succeed ; for who can chuse but pity
A dying Hero miserably witty ?
But oh ! the Dialogues, where Jest and Mock
Is held up like a Rest at Shittle-cock !
Or else, like Bells, eternally they chime ;
They *figh* in *Simile*, and *die* in *Rhyme*.
What Things are these who would be Poets thought,
By Nature not inspir'd, nor Learning taught ?
Some Wit they have, and therefore may deserve
A better Course than this by which they *starve*.
But to write Plays ! why, 'tis a bold Pretence
To Judgment, Breeding, Wit, and Eloquence :

* *Philaster*, a Play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Nay,

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Nay, more, for they must look *within*, to find
 Those *secret Turns* of Nature in the Mind.
 Without this Part, in vain would be the whole,
 And but a Body all without a Soul.
 All this together yet is but a Part
 Of Dialogue, that great and pow'rful Art,
 Now almost lost, which the old *Grecians* knew,
 From whence the *Romans* fainter Copies drew,
 Scarce comprehended since but by a few.
Plato and *Lucian* are the best Remains
 Of all the Wonders which this Art contains:
 Yet to our selves we Justice must allow,
Shakespear and *Fletcher* are the Wonders now.
 Consider them, and read them o'er and o'er,
 Go see them play'd, then read them as before;
 For tho' in many Things they grossly fail,
 Over our Passions still they so prevail,
 That our own Grief by theirs is rock'd asleep;
 The *Dull* are forc'd to *feel*, the *Wise* to *weep*.
 Their Beauties imitate, avoid their Faults.
 First on a *Plot* employ thy careful Thoughts;
 Turn it with Time a thousand several Ways:
 This oft alone has giv'n Success to Plays.
 Reject that *vulgar Error*, which appears
 So *fair*, of making *perfect* Characters:
 There's no such Thing in Nature, and you'll draw
 A *faultless Monster*, which the World ne'er saw.

Some

Miscellany P O E M S. 165

Some *Faults* must be, that his Misfortunes drew,
But such as may deserve Compassion too.
Besides, the main Design compos'd with Art,
Each moving *Scene* must be a *Plot* apart.
Contrive each little *Turn*, mark ev'ry *Place*,
As *Painters* first *chalk* out the future *Face*:
Yet be not fondly your own Slave for this;
But change hereafter what appears amiss.
Think not so much where *shining* Thoughts to place,
As what a Man would *say* in *such* a *Case*.
Neither in *Comedy* will this suffice,
The *Player* too must be before your Eyes;
And tho' 'tis *Drudgery* to stoop so low,
To him you must your utmost *Meaning* show.

Expose no *single* Fop; but lay the Load
More *equally*, and spread the *Folly* broad.
The other *Way* is *vulgar*; oft we see
A Fool *derided* by as bad as *he*.
Hawks fly at nobler *Game*; in this low *Way*
A very *Owl* may prove a *Bird* of *Prey*.
If Poets so will one poor Fop devout;
But to *collect*, like *Bees* from ev'ry *Flow'r*,
Ingredients to *compose* that precious *Juice*,
Which serves the World for *Pleasure* and for *Use*,

In

166 Miscellany Poems.

In spite of Faction this would Favour get;
But † *Falstaff* seems unimitable yet.

Another Fault which often does befall,
Is, when the Wit of some great Poet shall
So overflow, that is, be none at all,
That all his Fools speak Sense, as if possess'd,
And each by *Inspiration* breaks his Jest.
If once the *Justness* of each Part be lost,
Well may we laugh, but at the Poet's Cost.
That silly Thing Men call *Sheer wit*, avoid,
With which our Age so nauseously is cloy'd.
Humour is all, *Wit* should be only brought
To turn agreeably some proper Thought.
But since the Poets we of late have known
Shine in no *Dress* so much as in their own,
The better by *Example* to convince,
Cast but a View on this *wrong Side* of Sense.

First a Soliloquy is calmly made,
Where ev'ry Reason is *exact'y* weigh'd;
Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes,
A Hero frighted at the Noise of Drums,
For her sweet Sake, whom at *first Sight* he loves,
And all in *Metaphor* his Passion proves;

† An admirable Character in a Play of *Shakespear's*.

Miscellany POEMS. 167

But some sad Accident, tho' yet unknown,
Parting this Pair, to leave the Swain alone.

He streight grows *jealous*, yet we know not why,
And, to *oblige* his *Rival*, needs will *die* :
But first he makes a *Speech*, wherein he tells
The *absent* Nymph, how much his Flame excels,
And yet bequeaths her *generously* now
To that dear Rival whom he does not know ;
Who streight appears (but who can Fate withstand ?)
Too late, alas ! to hold his hasty Hand,
That just has giv'n himself the cruel Stroke,
At which this very *Stranger's* Heart is broke ;
He more to his *new* Friend than Mistress kind,
Most sadly mourns at being left behind ;
Of such a Death prefers the pleasing *Charms*
To *Love*, and living in a Lady's Arms.

(these ?

How *shameful*, and what monst'rous Things are
And then they rail at those they cannot please ;
Conclude us only partial for the *Dead*,
And grudge the Sign of old *Ben Johnson's* Head ;
When the *intrinsic* Value of the Stage
Can scarce be judg'd but by a *following* Age ;
For *Dances*, *Flutes*, *Italian Songs*, and *Rhyme*,
May keep up *sinking* Nonsense for a Time.
But that may fail, which now so much o'er-rules,
And *sense* no longer will submit to *Fools*.

EPICK

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EPICK POETRY.

By painful Steps we are at last got up
Parnassus Hill, on whose bright airy Top
 The *Epick Poets* so divinely shew,
 And with just *Pride* behold the rest below.
Heroick Poems have a just Pretence
 To be the utmost Reach of humane Sense;
 A Work of such inestimable Worth,
 There are but *two* the World has yet brought forth,
Homer and *Virgil*; With what awful Sound
 Do those meer Words the Ears of Poets wound?
 Just as a *Changeling* seems below the rest
 Of Men, or rather is a two-legg'd Beast;
 So these *Gigantick* Souls, amaz'd, we find
 As much above the rest of humane Kind,
Nature's whole Strength united; endless Fame,
 And universal Shouts attend their Name.
 Read *Homer* once, and you can read no more,
 For all Things else appear so dull and poor:
Verse will seem *Prose*; yet often on him look,
 And you will hardly need another Book.
 Had * *Bossu* never writ, the World had still,
 Like *Indians*, view'd this wond'rous Piece of Skill;
 As something of *Divine* the Work admir'd,
 Not hop'd to be instructed, but inspir'd:

* A late Author.

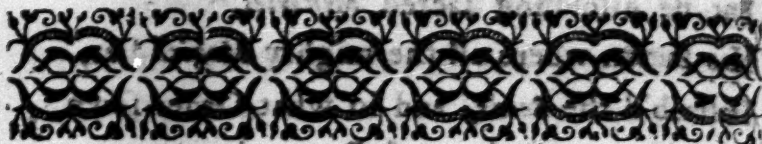
Miscellany POEMS. 169

But he disclosing sacred *Mysteries*,
Has shewn where all the mighty *Magick* lies,
Describ'd the *Seeds*, and in what *Order* sown,
That have to such a vast *Proportion* grown.
Sure from some *Angel* he the *Secret* knew,
Who thro' this *Labyrinth* has giv'n the *Clue*.
But what, alas! avails it poor *Mankind*,
To see this promis'd *Land*, yet stay behind?
The *Way* is shewn; but who has *Strength* to go?
Who can all *Sciences* exactly know?
Whose *Fancy* flies beyond weak *Reason's* Sight,
And yet has *Judgment* to direct it right?
Whose just *Discernment*, *Virgil* like, is such,
Never to say too little, or too much?
Let such a *Man* begin without *Delay*,
But he must do much more than I can say;
Must above *Cowley*, nay, and *Milton* too, prevail,
Succeed where great *Torquato*, and our greater
(*Spencer* fail.



H

T E N-



TENTAMEN

DE

Arte Poetica.

Ex Anglico Latine Redditum,
per J. NORRIS, M. A.

INter Opes varias queis Mens humana superbit,
Fert primam rectè scribendi Gloria Palmam:
Nec genus est ullum, ceu *Fructum*, sive *Laborem*
Species, (Laus magna, at magno Molimine constat)
Conferri ex minima quod possit Parte *Poesi*:
Tantum extat, *Gressuque* Artes supereminet omnes.
Sed procul à me sit Furor impius ille, profano
Scriptorum ut *Vulgo*, Pede si quis claudere certo
Versiculos possit, *Tinnituque* impleat Aures
Barbarico, sacri dem Nominis hujus Honorem.

Miscellany P O E M S. 171

Non Vis plus iustâ calefacti Parte Cerebri
 Ignea sufficiat, vani quæ ad Fulgoris instar
perstringitque Oculos, medioque *extinguitur* Ictu:
 Ingenii *verus* Vigor, ac Vena æmula Solis
Eternum nitet, ac proprio Fulgore coruscat;
 Nunc rutilum condit Caput inter Nubila, Victor
 Continuo erumpit, Mare, Tellus, Æthera rident.
 Quod mihi *Verborum*, aut *Rerum* quoque laura Supellex?
 Quò Metrum, dulcique fluentes Agmine Versus,
 Asperior teneras uti nè Vox raderet Aures?
 (Sunt *Vulgi*, nec abesse feram, aut præsentia laudo)
 Si *Genius* desit, si non infusa per Artus
Mens agitet Molem, & se Corpore misceat, ingens
Naturæ sequitur ceu *Nutum* Machina Mundi.
Entheus ille Calor percurrit singula, Verbis
 Major, & Ingenio sublimior, & *Genitorem*
Cælestem referens, Oculis *impervius* ipse
 Cuncta *aperit*, *pingitque* omnes, neque *pingitur* ulli.

(Voluptas,
 Nympha potens, Hominum Requies, Divûmque
 Quas habitas Sedes? Cerebri num credere fas est
 Angusto Hospitio tantum se includere Numen?
 Quòve *proterva* fugis, multùm *aspernata* vocantem
 Cum te difficilem, *duramque* per Oria ploro?
 Unde redis? Nec opinantem quâ Lege revisis,
 Intentumque aliò, non dextro Tempore cogis
 Ad Jura? Tum pendent Opera interrupta, *Dies*

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Languent Officia, & spernuntur Gaudia Noctis.
 Sentio jam — Sed lenis ades, cohibeque Furorem:
 Judicium sine Natura torpetque, jacetque;
 Hæc sine Judicio tantum est speciosa Phrenesis.
 Judicio veri opus est, Partes quod se addit in omnes,
 (Orbem,
 Quod Mores Hominum, quod Res, quod temperant
 Nedom ut scribendi tenui in Ratione gubernet.
 Pluma velut Calami, vel Arundinis, illa volatum
 Promovet; hoc acuit Ferrum, Vi, Pondere donat;
 Hæc Cordi arrepat, Mentis Ratio occupat Arcem.

In varias hinc ut describam Carmina Classes,
 * Cum Numeris, Pedibusque suis, Cœpti exigit Ordo.
 Sed quis enim sanus velit hoc decurrere Campo,
 Per quem magnus Equos † Venusini flexit Alumnus?
 Illius Auspiciis scandas Helicon virentem,
 Instruit Exemplo qui Vatem, Moribus ornat,
 Legibus emendat: Mendax Imitator, ut Echô,
 Quid nisi Verborum Formas manco Ordine reddit?
 Solenne est, fateor, Seniorum Scripta profana
 Compilare Manu, [sic Vasa argentea Servi
 Cum Furto abstulerint, permutant Signa, Notasque,
 Proque suis jactant] sed quis sibi cui Pudor ac Frons
 Tam miseris Opibus, tam insigni Fraude placet?

* Divisio Poëmatum. † Horatius.

Miscellany P O E M S. 173

Hoc Jure & *Sophoclem* totum sibi vindicet Actor,
 ¶ *Oedipodem* si tu transferis, Autor habetis,
 Quantò is qui memori recitavit Mente Theatro?
 Verùm aliquos liquit Vindemia plena Racemos;
 Fas etiam nobis acquirere pauca, *reficit*
 Desuetudo aliquas, Tempus, nova Crimina, Leges
Procudere novas; sic Rerum *postulat* Usus.
 Quid furto hic Satyram, cui tot *Patrimonia* pascas?
 Cùm vix ulla malis sit Terra feracior Herbis?
 Quot nec *Nilus* alit cùm incurfent undique *Monstra*?
 Sed neque, *Plebs Vatum*, vobis permitto timere;
 Nec *vacat*, aut *Satyræ* est morientes figere *Muscas*:
 Destinât his Operam, qui aliquâ Virtute merentur,
 In melius flecti dociles, Monitoribus æqui.

* *Carminibus* primùm fervent hic omnia, gaudet
 Carmine quisque suo *Crispinus*, *Apolline* nullo,
 Nec Mora, nec Requies, cuicunq; est obviuſ usquam,
Ignotum tristemve petens, Discrimine nullo,
 Ense velut stricto *incurrit*, Vimque *Auribus* infert.
 Hic multos *Brevitas*, *Speciesque* inducit hiantes;
 Verùm alius Labor expertis, ac fronte videtur;
 Nec tenerum magis est genus, aut *operosus* ullum.
 Namque uti cum Filo Gemmas longo Ordine neſtis,
 † (*Dilectæ Armillas*, teretive *Monilia* Collo)

¶ Pro quavis Tragedia.

* Carmina propriè dicta, vel Cantilena.

† Summa Artis Cantilenam componere.

174 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

Idendofas Numerus tegit, ac Vicinia ; fiat
Annulus, hoc unam ostentes, Nubecula quævis
Apparet, Vitiumque Oculis subiecta fatetur :
 Sic hili cuncta nitent in Carmine, sordet ; habenda
 Verborum est Ratio, ut ne *arcessita*, Locisque
Mota, minus *propria*, aut immodulata, *trahantur*.
Dictio sit facilis, sublimis Carmine sensus,
 Ut neque *serpat* humi Stylus, aut Mens nubila capret.
 Cum Sensum, cum Verba poliveris, altera Cura est,
 Ut *lateat* Labor, & *Casus* ferat *Artis* Honorem :
 Tale unum ostendas, & Phyllida solus habeto.
 Præcipue, & Partes hæc Regula spectat in omnes,
Fæda procul *fugias*, *obscenæque Nomina* ; Scurræ
 Ingenio defectus ad hoc decurrit Asylum.
 Polluit Ingenium sic Vates nobile, *serus*
 Qui sapuit, *morien*: sic *spurca* Volumina flevit,
Ipfus ut credam *Censuræ* ignoscere Manes.
 Non quod Circuitu blando *insinuata* Voluptas
 Displiceat *Senibus*, moveat Fastidia *Castis* :
 Verum *Immundities*, tanta est Inscitia, Cœptis
 Officit ipsa *suæ*, congestum ut *inutile* Lignum
 Obruit inceptas cumulado *Fomite* Flammas.

* Insurgit graviore Tono gravioribus aptus
 Materijs *Elegus*, *Virtutis* pangit Honores,
 Ingenij, *Formæ* Decus ; & Solatia *Lusæ*

* *Elegi.*

Exi-

Miscellany P O E M S. 175

Exigua; heu! *spretos* quoties deflevit *Amores*!
 Nequicquam: nam quæ lenita est *Fœmina Versu*?
 Mentis inops stolidos, *varios* mutabilis ipsa,
 Absurdos sine *Corde* Sonos, sine *Mente* Figuras,
 (Tetrior haud *Stygiis* Pestis Caput extulit Undis)
 Ultra ambit *Mulier*, *Mulier* se agnoscit in illis.
 Sed melius meritis Laudi est Censura nocentum,
 Arrogat & Pretium *vilis* Plebecula paucis:
 Quæ favet Ingenio, quæ *Vatem* cernit inepto,
 Eterno illam *Elegus* donabit gratus Honore,
 Cedet *Laura* Loco, dediscet Fama *Corinnam*.
 Sed quò transversum, quæ nunc per *devia* raptas,
 Improbe Amor? sine me spatiis decurrere coeptis.
 Non equidem in genere hoc vel *Vim* vel *Verba* requiro,
 Nostratum hæc Laus est, sed adhuc majore caremus.
 Flumineos quanquam vincas *Dulcedine* Cygnos,
 Et proprios habeant vel *Disticha* cuncta *Lepores*,
 (Qualia plura, brevi peritura, per ora feruntur)
 Si *Junctura* deest, junctis si Partibus Ordo,
 Altior it sensim, ni Copula quæque priori,
 Ut qui *fallenti* scandit viridaria *Clivo*,
 Nitenti in plano similis, simul ardua ventum est
 Prospectum attonito circumspicit ore, stupetque
 Inscius ad tantum se pervenisse *Cacumen*.
 Hoc *Epigramma* voces, des Nomen quodlibet illi.
 Non est Artis opus, non est *Elegia*, quali

176 Miscellany P O E M S.

Flexisti rigidum, * Vates divine, Tyrannum :
 Infensos || alius Procerès, Regemque superbum
 Colliculo in celebri mansura in Fœdera traxit.

Ut Bellator Equus, Sonitum simul Arma dedere,
 Hûc profultat, & hûc, micat auribus, & tremit artus,
 Ipsum Equitem terret tanquam excossurus in auras,
 † *Pindarica* attonitum sic versant *Oesira* Poetam:
 Is Furor est Musæ cum implevit Mentem Animumq;
 Æmulus hîc veterum † novus omnia Puncta tulisset,
 † *Pindarici* Fontis qui non expalluit Haustus ;
 Si non *vulgari* percussa, heu ! Verba *Monetâ*
Detraherent Pretium mansuræ in Secula Venæ.
 Insanire quidem *licet* hoc in Carmine ; verùm
 Insanire *debet* certâ, Ratione, modòque.
 Vehementes Sensus, liquido sed Flumine Verba
 Lucida procurrant ; sin hâc in Parte severus
 Exactor videar, *Naturâ* constar, & *ausu*
 Hoc opus, Ingenium Campo dominatur aperto ;
 Et data *Pindarica* summa Indulgentia Musæ.

(prosit,
 * Cùm neque *Mos*, neque *Lex*, torva aut *Sapientia*
 Labenti in pejus *Satyræ* succurritur Orbi :

* *Panegyris Walleri Crampwellio dicata.*
 || *Poema Denhamii Equitis elegantissimum, Cooper's-Hill dictum, prope Windsoram, ubi celebris quæ vulgò Magna Charta vocatur, signata fuit.*
 † *Pindarica.* † *Couleus.*
 † *Lemma præfixum Pindaricis Odis Couleii.*
 * *Satyræ.*

Miscellany POEMS. 177

Hæc docet Exemplis Animos, dum Pectora mulcet,
Venam aperit ridens, & grato Vulnere sanat.

Dicta prius non hic repetendum, tollere paucos
Contentis solum dilecto è Corpore nævos.

* Huic non Eloquium, non lecta Vocabula Curæ,
Materiam rigidam parili Sermonè notanti:

Ille merum è plaustro jactat Pus, atque Venenum;

Stultus utrisque labor; nunquam hæc te regula fallet,

Ut Stylus, & cultus, sit splendidus, atque virilis,

Leviaque immunes commendent Carmina Sensus.

Si latrare satis, si rodere Dente canino,

Quî Satyræ infami poteris dignoscere Scurræ?

Aut Iram ponas, aut dissimulare memento,

Invitus videaris ad hanc descendere Partem,

Occultaturi speciem des Crimina Simens;

Sic rem conficias tanquam inter Vina jocosus

† Arbitr, alta sedent ludentis Vulnera dextra:

Sic ubi Rivalem spernis, vel Laude malignâ

Effers, imponit Probitas simulata Puellæ.

Indivulsa comis hic hæret Laurea || Vati,

Stigmate qui Bavium mansuro in Sæcla notavit:

Ille olim ‡ felix alieno Vulnere, eundem

Et Satyris propriis quandoque meretur Honorem.

* In Satyra Verborum & Numerorum Ratio habenda.

† Petronius.

‡ Drydenus celeberrimus Poeta Anglus, in Satyrâ facile Princeps.

§ Falso suspectus, vulneratus, & laudatus ob Poema Satyricum, cujus revera Auctor non fuit.

178 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

Pegasus alt humiles si se summittit ad Ulus
 Serpit humi, indignum, celeres neque commovet
 Jamque opus emensos mediâ plus Parte Quadrigas
 Siste parum; major rerum tibi nascitur Ordo.
 Ut de Caucasæi Jovis Ales Verrice Saxi,
 Sive Fames jubet, aut Cœli Inclementia, Sedes
 Explorare novas, tepidumque invisere Solem;
 Longum Iter, & Pennis luctantes cogitat Austros,
 Metiturque Oculis Spatia, & circumspicit Alas:
 Mox ubi propulerit Vigor, & nova Gloria cœpti,
 Indignans Terram repulit, jam jamque videri
 Desiit, & Nimbos superans latet Æthere toto.
 Sic, impar licet, aggreditur Musa aspera dictu,
 Invidiam * Cathedris, Odium motura Poetis:
 || Illis Ira modum supra est, læsique Venenum
 Morsibus inspirant; sed quis succenseat æquus
 Frænantî audaces, dociles meliora monenti?
 Quid age, & insapis paulum adsis, Diva, *Theatrio*.

Principio, veteres quæ præcepere Magistri,
 Ut Persona, Locus, Res, Hora cohæreat aptè,
 Sunt hæc nota satis; sed quæ Infortunia Legum
 Observata parum, ad communia Scripta relego;
 Sat nostros vix tacta aliis monuisse Britannos.

* Remittit Horatius Demetrium Tigellium ad Discipulorum Cathedras.

|| Dîctum de Apibus apud Virgilium.

Miscellany POEMS. 179

† Si visum ut *solum* quid secum differat *Assu*,
 Sic breve, sic graviter commoti; ita flagitat *Ufus*
Communis Vita. Noster, cum desit *Achates*,
 Arcanos gessit *Podio* omni credere *Sensus*:
 Nec refert, si sub specie narrantis *Amica*,
 Enarret nobis; fluere ex *re* *Occasio* debet,
 Ut tandem *miseros* cum *Phædra* fatetur *Amores*.

‡ Exultat bona *Pars* *juvenilibus* usque *Figuris*,
Naturam spernunt, spernit *Natura* vicissim,
Ipsa suis pollens *Opibus*, nihil indiga *Faci*.

(rapaces,
 * His *Locus* est cum *tristem Hyemem*, *Fluviosque*
Aut Lucum, & *Rivos*, vel *amœna Rosaria pingis*.

Sed cum *declamat summus Dolor*, *Ira* perorat,
 In numerum *cantat spretus*, *morbundus Amator*,
 Quem non hæc *Lapidem* moveant? quam *flebilis Heras*

Vitam exhalanti cui jam *vacat esse deserto*?
Dicta seni in *Cymbâ* jacit *importuna Charonti*.

|| Verum in *Colloquiis* *Cornicum Lumina* figunt.

† Tum verò *ludit Rabies*, *Lutulusque* *cachinnat*:

Utque *vices* variant *Pueri* super *Ære canoro*,
 Sive *lubet* magis ex *compactâ Subere Plumâ*,

Illa *volat*, *volitatque*, *volat volitatque per Auras*,

Itque *reditque Viam toties*, *stupet inscia Turba*,

† De *Soliloquiis*; ut *brevia*, & *rara* sint.

‡ De *Figuris* & *Metaphoris*.

|| *Locus* est *serè solum* in *Descriptionibus*.

|| *Object.* † *Resp.*

180 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

Imbubesque Manus, mirata volatile *Suber* :
Mutua sic *Tragici* ludunt ; quis talia spectans
Temperet è *Plausu* ! sed quo vos Nomine dicam
Naturæ, ac sanis jurati Sensibus Hostes ?

* Fac, Actor, *Rythmo* immoriarè *Tragedia* bella est :
Communis Sensus cum sit *Scintillula*, mille
Artibus ac miserum liceat cum extundere Victum,
Quæ versant *Furia*, ut mendica *Infamia* vobis,
Ut contempta *Fames* placeat ? quæ plurima Turba
Ignorant Olei quanti *Drama*, atque Laboris.
Ingenii felix, Verborum Flumine puro,
Qui legit *Veteres*, *Aulam* perspexit, & *Urbem* ;
Quin & *Naturæ* rimans *Penetralia* Sensus
Eruit arcános, novæque hinc *Miracula* promit :
Ille Onus hoc lætus subeat, speretque *repositi*,
Invidiam spernat, *Criticis* medium exerat Unguem.

|| Ut rectè, ut propriè roget, ac respondeat Actor,
Socraticæ solæ poterunt ostendere *Chartæ* :
Tantum non latuit *Romani* *Arts*, vix cognita nostris,
Nequicquam obnixis vitioso emergere *Sæclo*.
Hic tamen, ut *Patriæ* meritos solvamus *Honores*,
Dirigit obscuros *Vatûm* † par nobile *Gressus*,
Sublimes, quantum non noxia *Tempora tardant*,

* *Ironice*.

|| *Præcepta* & *Exempla Dialogorum* è *Socraticis*, *Lucia-*
nôque petenda.

† *Shakespear* & *Fletcher*, præstantissimi *Poetæ Drama-*
tici apud Anglos.

Miscellany P O E M S. 181

Incultique *hebetant* Mores, *perituraque* Lingua:
Fessa tamen recreant *alienis* Pectora Curis,
Vel * *Crasso* excutiant Rîsum, Lachrymâsque || *Catoni*.
Nocturnâ hos versate Manu, versate diurnâ,
Spectate interdum, seris legite inde Lucernis,
Æra periti Auro, *tumidumque* abscindere Sôlido.

‡ *FABULA* contulerit multum meditata potenter,
Illeæti hâc solâ nonnunquam *oules* manemus.
† Stoica sollicitam neu ludant Somnia Mentem,
Ut tibi *perfectè sapiens*, fortisve, bonusve,
Ponatur: Laudi est *Pictura*, sive *Poesi*,
Naturæ nescire modum? Facit ille *Gigantem*,
Non *Hominem*, ignotum Terris, & *amabile Monstrum*.
Denique tale nihil peperit Natura; subesse
Culpam opus est, ut nè *immeritò* cecidisse feratur,
Sed *lapsus* Veniâ, & Lachrymis, dignissimus Heros.

* Nec satis est tota ut recto stet Fabula talo,
Scit Scenæ teneræ *sua* Fabula; divitis Horti
Magnificam exornat velut *Ara* quæque Figuram.
Multus & in parvis Labor est; circumspecte Partes,
Cuique reponere *sua* Veneres, in Imagine primâ

* *Qui nunquam risisse perhibetur, & inde Cognomentum habuit.*

|| *Veritum Stoicis flere.*

‡ *De Fabulâ.*

† *Non querendi sunt perfecti Characteres, Stoicorum in morem, qui nullum omnino Nervum Sapienti suo inesse præstuntur.*

* *De Scenis præcipuis.*

Uc

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Ut Vultus signat Vestigia certa futuri.
Nec te pœniteat modulum diffingere, si res
Suadet, Pars Operæ est non parva *litura* Poetis.

* Solliciti plures dicendi ubi *Lamina* ponant,
(Purpureos longo collectos Tempore Pannos)
Personis faciunt vim, *convenientia* mittunt,
Facundè absurdi; te Consule sedulus ipsum,
Quis Sensus foret in *parili* tibi Sorte jacenti:
Quod petis, *intus* habes, *foecundum* concute Pectus.

|| Sit limata licet tenuem Comœdia ad Unguem,
Non tamen hic Operum Finis; sæpe Actor agitur
Ipse, docendus uti Gestum addat Sensibus aptum:
Si piget ad tenues Animum submittere Curas,
Immerita ingenuos occident Sibila Vates.

† Si nova difficili Persona addenda Theatro,
(arctum
Non unum effingas ‡ Crispinum, ac Simulator in
Desiliis; Ales prostrata Cadavera spernit
Nobilis, insultat feræli Carmine Bubo;
Vulgare est Monstrum Derisor ineptus inepti.
Verum ut Apes pictis in saltibus omnia libant,
Mel inde, hinc Ceras, & miscent utile dulci:

* De Luminibus quæ vocantur Orationis.

|| De Actoribus formandis.

† De Characteribus novis ut ne Comœdia veteris in mo-
dum unum quemvis designent.

‡ Pro quovis inepto.

Per-

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Personam ex multis sic texas sedulus unam,
(Est Seges ampla fatis, Vati & respondet avaro :)
* Fert Palmam hic, sensa ut promam liberrima, Miles,
Helluo, Vanus, Adulator, Comes usque facetus.
Illo gaudet eques, visis repetitus amatur,
Vix antea paxem, Vix postera proferet Aetas.

Sæpe & sic Venâ rapitur torrente Poeta,
Ingenii ut *fatuas* Personas Flumen inundet :
Rusticus. *Urbani* speciem fert, *Servus* *Honesti*,
Non sua *Dicta* crepat, subitoque ut Numine plenus
Morio quisque sapit : Nisi quadrant *Dicta* loquentis
Personæ, Risum moveas mihi forte, sed ipse
Rideris, *Scriptor* : Curâ ipsa enascitur Error,
† Cum *Salibus* nimius lassas onerantibus Aures,
Sedulitate urget, movet ac *Fastidia* Vates :
Exprimat ut *Mores* Caput est, tum deinde *Lepores*
Inspersat parcus, cum *Lumine* misceat *Umbra*.

(vebunt,
|| Sed quia quos fugiunt Præcepta, Exempla mo-
Ecce brevi in Tabulâ, ne postera nesciat Aetas.
Ora Habitûsque Virûm, nostris quæ Formæ Poetæ ;
lucrosos Sensus, Scenæ ac Portenta videre est.
Lampades ut primum accensæ, ac *Aulæa* recedunt,
Soliloquus longum placido Sermone perorat,

* *Falstaff*. *celebris Character Comicus apud Shakesperum*.

† *Modus Dictandi adhibendus*.

|| *Imago ridicula Tragediæ recentioris*.

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Et tenui eventus cunctos Examine *libras*.
 Conticuit simul is *tandem* (*que Cura Decoris*)
 Ad *Litui* Sonitum *fugitans* inducitur *Heros* :
 Obvius hîc *Nymphæ* (*miranda Potentia Fati !*)
 Deperit Intuitu primo, rasilque Dolorem
Artithetis probat, & turbati *Pectoris Æstus*.
 Cùm subito infelix Casus divulsit Amantes,
 Ignotus nobis, (*scit Pater omnia*) solus,
Æger, *Zelotypus* concepit protinus *Ignes* :
 Mox (*ut Rivali placeat*) juvat ire sub *Umbras*.
 Sed prius & *Cælos* & conscia *Sydera* testans,
Absenti *Nymphæ* *Flammæ* longo *Ordine* narrat;
Rivalique suos moriens commendat *Amores*.
 Cùm (*Monitu Jovis*) ille supervenit, & grave *Telum*
Serò inhibet, Casûque *Animum* percussus acerbo,
Invidet ignoto tam pulchræ *Mortis* *Honorem* :
 Continuo incensus fumantem corripit *Ensem*,
 Non illum flectet *Genitor*, dulcêsq; *Hymenæi*,
 Nec moritura super crudeli *Funere* *Virgo* ;
 Quin, *Heros* *IBu*, media inter *Viscera* condar,
Vicit Amor *Lathi*, *Plausûsque* immensa *Cupido*.
Fortunati ambo !

(*Laurus*
 Quænam hæc *Monstra* putem, non his opus *humida*
Sulphura cum *Tædis*, dira ut *Portenta* pientur ?
 Candidus hæc ubi *commonui*, quidam inquit *ineptus*,

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* Deperit hinc *Veteres*, nos nostraque lividus odit:

(Sic *Spectatores* luimus delicta *Postea*.)

† Tun' vitio affectum potes hunc mihi vertere? recte

Judicium totâ cum de Ratione Theatri

Vix nisi *sana* ferat, Studio, *Invidia*que remota,

Posteritas? Oculos nam quæ Mentelque morantur,

Saltator, Cultus peregrinus, *Machina* præcepis,

Italici Cantus, puerilis *Nenia* Rythmi,

(Imbecilla nimis ruituri Fulcra Theatri)

Languescunt; quid apud seros valitura Nepotes?

Quondam etiam *illustis* redit in Præcordia Sensus.

* Jam tandem *Aonii* prærupta per Ardua Montis,

Aerium lasso juvat insedisse Cacumen.

Secreti hinc *Epici* Divûm potiuntur Honore,

Luctantesque infra tranquillo Lumine rident.

Quis dubitet cunctas *Epico* quin Carmine vires

Exerat, Ingenio metas figatque supremas,

Rerum *sancta* Parens, cum post Tentamina mille,

Innumeros *nissus* post Temporis infiniti,

† Vix tandem ediderit *binos*? facer Horror in ipsis

Nominibus, neque enim est *ea* fas proferre profanis.

* *Object.*

† *Respons.*

* *Poema Epicum.*

† *Homerum & Virgilium.*

Quar-

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Quantum *Atos* Nantum transcendit Corpore, quanto
 Delirus sapiente relinquitur Intervallo,
 Tantum inter cunctos extat per nobile Fratres:
 Fama ambit, FAVOR, ac Plausus comitantur euntes.
 Fortè & in æternâ jacuissent Secula Noſte,
 Inſcia quâ fierent Arte hæc Miracula, vallas
 Indue uti Pelago ſpectans innare Carinas,
 Si non || *Boffutius* ſacros penetrare Reſceſſus
 Auſus, qui Numeri, pandens, quis Carminis Ordo,
 Unde parentur Opes, & quâ Virtute ſubacto
 Semina miſſa Solo Caput inter Nubila condant.
 Certè aliquis Divûm, noſtro qui conſulit Ævo,
 Per *Lab, rinthæos* textit Veſtigia Flexus.
 Strata via eſt, nemon' carpit Duce, & *Auſpice* tanto?
 (Hortos,
 Quid juvat *Hesperidum*, heu! *divus Proſpectus* in
 Si vetitum, ut ſecras, neque Mens decerpere Fruſus?
 Quis cunctas, Animi ſella, complectitur Artes?
 Quis Rationem, *nudæ caſſis*, ſuperevolat ipſem,
 Æthereûmque regit *cæcy* Moderamine Cuſum?
 Judicium Ingenio quis miſcuit Arte *Morenis*,
 Nuſquam deficiens, nullâque in Parte redundans?
 Qui conferre poteſt quod non * *Davidæidos* Auctor,

|| Criticus Gallicus celeberrimus.
 * Couleins.

|| Pri-

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|| *Primævi* aut *moliùs* cecinit *qui Fata Parentis*,
† *Vel Solymas captas*, ‡ *vel qui celebravit Elisam*,
Incipiat; sed plura manent, quæ viribus *istis*,
Et tenui Venâ nos ut *majora tacemus*.

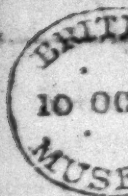
|| *Miltonus*. † *Tasso*. ‡ *Spencerius*.

F I N I S.



187 3 M 20 P

qui est le plus grand
qui est le plus grand
qui est le plus grand



2 1



Miscellany P o 1

...and ...
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